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King Alfonso.

Archbishop.

HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF CATHOLICISM OF ENGLAND: KING ALFONSO'S VISIT TO WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK.

At half-past eleven on June 6, the morning after his arrival in London, King Alfonso attended Low Mass at Westminster Cathedral. His Majesty was received and escorted to his place by Archbishop Bourne. After Mass the royal procession proceeded to the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, which, owing to the generosity of the Spanish people, is nearer completion than any other part of the building. There the Archbishop presented an address, and the King bestowed upon the Cathedral a golden reliquary.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

When we are visited by the Chiefs of foreign States, they are usually greybeards. They are used to all the forms and ceremonies of welcome; and when it rains, they add our climate to their stores of melancholy philosophy. But King Alfonso is so young that everything comes to him with a sense of delightful novelty. He took the Anarchist bomb in Paris as a stimulating compliment; and he hailed the deluge of rain which greeted his landing on our shores as an inspiring salute. Such gaiety and good-humour should charm our sulky skies; but if they don't, what does it matter to King Alfonso? Instead of alighting from his train at Victoria in a stately manner, he jumped out of the carriage while it was still in motion, to the amazement of the officials, and greatly to the delight, it is said, of the Sovereign of these realms. This impulsive adolescence makes one feel quite absurdly youthful. If King Alfonso were to stay long among us you would see middle-aged persons bounding out of trains and cabs with reckless agility.

As the procession drove along the Mall to Buckingham Palace, the King of Spain was observed to look about him with lively curiosity. In the course of his English studies, the associations of the Mall, you may be sure, have not been forgotten. But he was not thinking of them at the moment. He was wondering what we had done to the official who conceived the grotesque idea of changing the name of the Mall to "Processional Road." King Edward, it is reported, intervened in the nick of time to prevent it; and the author of the project is judiciously blushing unseen. We ought to have the name of that genius, so that "Processional Road" may be adhesive to his memory. Besides, I believe that King Alfonso, after the manner of Charles Lamb on a famous occasion, would like to feel the gentleman's bumps.

A melancholy politician is publicly distressed because Togo's signal at Tsushima has been called an echo of Nelson's signal at Trafalgar. When Nelson reminded his men that England expected them to do their duty, he reminded them, says the melancholy politician, simply of their kinsfolk at home. They were to deserve the good opinion of their fathers and mothers; their deeds were to be affairs of domestic pride; their country, as a power above and beyond the family altars, as a mother with a stronger and higher claim than the claim of the mothers who brought them up, did not exist for them. The melancholy politician would have us believe that this is what Nelson meant by England. But Togo used the word Empire. "The destiny of the Empire depends on this action," he signalled to his fleet. Now there are people to whom the word Empire is so hateful that they are thrown into paroxysms of repulsion by the bare mention of it. The melancholy politician says that Empire is an "idol," strange and forbidding to European civilisation. And yet I imagine that the Empire signifies to Togo precisely what England signified to Nelson. "Can one choose more glorious an exit," wrote the commander of a Japanese torpedo-boat before the battle, "than to die fighting for one's own country, and for the Emperor who is a ruler and leader to the nation's heart?" This man was thinking of his country, not of his family circle.

The obligation to one's country is imperfectly appreciated by some minds. I daresay they are perturbed by the letter from the Headmaster of Harrow to Lord Meath. "Every boy at Harrow has to learn to handle a rifle, and to pass a standard in shooting." It is possible that some family circles do not approve of that weapon in the hands of a schoolboy. "We have had difficulties and objections," says the Headmaster of Harrow. "Though all other prophets be silent there is always Jeremiah." In this instance, Jeremiah predicted the derangement of scholarship, the ruin of cricket and football (a still worse calamity), and the rise of a military spirit. Why a nation which maintains the Army and Navy for the defence of its Empire should not have a military spirit, no philosophers have yet been able to explain. Jeremiah has not yet denounced the Volunteers. Is that because he pays them the dubious compliment of believing that they have no military spirit, no instinct of soldiering? Then what is the use of them? Every Harrow boy learns to shoot because, in Dr. Wood's opinion, this is a training which must be of service in a great national emergency. It cultivates a military spirit which is not a reckless thirst for blood, but a capable resolve to furnish the country with citizen soldiers whenever she has grave need of them.

Jeremiah is very uneasy about the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. He does not condemn it. He says, with a feeble show of cheerfulness, that it must be upheld. But how much better, dearly beloved brethren, in this vale of worry where every turning you take is sure to be the wrong one—how much better if we could have

kept out of that contract! Jeremiah, as you may have noticed, is a regular dab at finding specious reasons for sitting with folded hands and never doing anything. O beware of a foreign policy, dear friends, which commits you to any responsibilities! It is as bad as learning to handle a rifle; you never know what it may lead to! Japan's victory has caused such a stir in Asia that every native potentate will give himself frightful airs, and your dominion in India will begin to shake. You are allies of the victor, it is true, but that makes the matter worse. Had Russia been victorious this would have convinced every native potentate of her mission to rule all Asiatics. As she is not victorious, the native potentate's conviction is that you have no mission to rule. Whatever happens in Asia, my poor friends, you must lose the game. And, by way of cheering you up, there is a nice kind German who has lived in this country many years, and tells you in the *National Review* that, as you are proved unworthy to hold the Empire which offends our melancholy politicians, the Germans will be good enough to take it off your hands, and relieve you of all further bother.

I gather from one Jeremiah or another that, even if we sit with folded hands, calamity is sure to be our portion. It makes one long for the Simple Life, as this is led by the community which proposes to inhabit a valley near Lucerne. Its members do not shave, nor cut their hair. They are so hardy that they sleep in the open air, even in the open air of an Alpine winter. They go bare-foot, and their only clothing is "a loose flowing white robe of light flannel." They bathe in a mountain pool which is always icy. If they get their valley near Lucerne, would it not be well for the British tourist to pay them a call, and order his flowing robe? It is said that a rich American widow has joined the fold: that might justify a visit to Lucerne. But the chief attraction of the community must be the freedom from national obligations; no need for patriotism and the Harrovian rifle; no foreign policy; no complicated speculations of woe, for when Jeremiah takes that dip in the icy mountain pool he will know that the worst has come to the worst. Why not fly to that happy valley, and leave the Empire to wallow in its iniquity?

There is a danger that if you wearied of the Simple Life, wanted your hair cut, or a change of tailoring, or a roof over your head and a hot bath, it might be difficult to return to the average haunts of men. If you stood for Parliament, and it got about that you had worn nothing but a loose flowing white robe of light flannel in a community of Simpletons, the caricaturists on the other side would have some fun with you. In America, I take it, your public career would be blasted. Mr. Maurice Low tells us in the *National Review* that he has known ambition to be blighted by an unhappy taste for fancy waistcoats. One prominent citizen could show his face no more when it was announced that he wore embroidered nightshirts. I do not know whether in the public life of the United States your embroidered nightshirts would cause a greater scandal than the loose flimsy white robe of the Simple Life. At Windsor last week Mr. and Mrs. Henry Arthur Jones gave a party, and the American Rhodes Scholars came from Oxford, and I had intended to submit this problem to them, but forgot it in the varied excitements of the day. I should have liked the Scholar from Utah, a most prepossessing youth, to act as arbiter between the embroidered nightshirt and the light flannel garment. Should this meet his eye, or the eye of the gentleman from Montana, who made a lively impression on the feminine hearts in the company, I hope that one or the other will favour me with his views.

I was struck by the courteous impassiveness with which Young America inspected our ancient monuments. The State Apartments at Windsor Castle ought to strike awe into all beholders, especially strangers from over the sea. Seasoned as I am to sights like these, I have never been able to disguise my emotion when the public orator of the Castle indicates the suit of armour worn by the Marquess of Waterford at the Eglinton Tournament in 1839. But Utah did not move an eyelid. Even the armour of the Black Prince left Montana cold. Had the Bird o' Freedom no eye for these feudal splendours, or was he hungry? It was just before lunch, to which we were summoned by a myrmidon from our host, who feared mayhap that the Rhodes Scholars, when absorbed in the portraits of British Sovereigns, would pursue their historical studies with fierce determination. The fear was groundless. Utah and Montana sat down to a princely spread at the White Hart with perfect acquiescence in the procedure. Did anybody tell them, I wonder, that there was a statue of King George III. at the top of the Long Walk, and suggest a pilgrimage of remorse for the unfilial behaviour of their ancestors to that father of his people? I believe they made a note of the engagement, and drank to his memory with silent stoicism.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"UNDER WHICH KING?" AT THE ADELPHI.

Mr. Fagan's new piece at the Adelphi Theatre, "Under which King?" proves a romantic drama of a rather conventional but nevertheless effective sort. Its time is that of the '45—after Culloden—with the Young Pretender in hiding. Its heroine is a Jacobite maid who, to save her Hanoverian lover from military execution, dons his uniform and carries his dispatches to the English camp. Here occurs the big scene of the play, and a painful struggle for the heroine between love and loyalty. For the Colonel to whom she delivers the dispatches tells her they reveal the Pretender's hiding-place, and offers to let the young Prince go if she will sacrifice herself; she at first refuses, then agrees but faints, and is finally let go unharmed. Very splendid is Miss Lily Brayton in this "Monna Vanna" sort of scene, with a passionate earnestness and intensity; very virile and impetuous is Mr. Oscar Asche as the brutal Colonel. If neither player quite carries conviction, that is because the story is not told with sufficient sincerity. Next to the two principals Mr. Brydone produced the strongest impression in the cast, thanks to a really brilliant study of a shaggy, slow-witted, loyal Highlander.

DUSE'S AND RÉJANE'S LONDON SEASONS.

This week we have two great Continental actresses appearing in London at rival theatres. Signora Duse, who at the Waldorf last week gave us her conception (which is not Ibsen's) of Hedda Gabler, repeated her familiar and harrowingly pathetic performance in "La Femme de Claude" on Monday, and was to present yesterday one of the most charming and perfect of all her impersonations, that of Mirandolina in Goldoni's comedy, "La Locandiera." Madame Réjane started her London season at Terry's on Monday with the production of a play of M. Pierre Wolff's, entitled "L'Age d'Aimer." Its interest is psychological rather than dramatic, and its development is slow and quiet, the whole motif of the piece amounting to this, that if a woman of forty will fall in love with a man ten years her junior, she must expect to lose him, and should bear her disillusionment with external calm. A play such as this gives no real scope to the lighter and more fascinating side of Madame Réjane's art.

"THE SPRING CHICKEN," AT THE GAIETY.

Those who feared that in staging an adaptation from the French Mr. Edwards was abolishing the traditional form of Gaiety musical comedy will be reassured on making acquaintance with "The Spring Chicken." As transformed by Mr. Grossmith junior, "Le Coquin de Printemps," which had for theme the thoughts of love induced by springtide, has lost with all audacity of wit, all reasonableness of story, most of the signs of its Gallic origin, and now, thanks to Messrs. Caryll and Monckton's sprightly musical interpolations and their orchestra's spirited playing and the Gaiety company's energetic vivacity, it makes as brisk and lively a variety entertainment of the Gaiety type as the best of its home-grown predecessors. The good old go-as-you-please system is still retained. There are pretty chansonnets for Miss Gertie Millar, as dainty as ever in style, as clear as ever in enunciation. There are pantomimic opportunities for Mr. Payne's quaint Cockney humour. There are broad low-comedy effects allotted to Miss Connie Ediss. There are dashing songs, including a "Spring Chicken March," for the volatile Mr. Grossmith junior. Nor are Mr. Mackinder, Miss Olive Morell, and that refined vocalist, Miss Kate Cutler, without their chances.

"THE CABINET MINISTER," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Somehow or other the true Pinero verve seems missing in the Haymarket company's rendering of that fifteen-year-old farce, "The Cabinet Minister." Partly, no doubt, the fault lies with the play itself, the humours of which, depending as they do on smart society's contempt for the rich parvenu of whose wealth it makes use, have become in process of time out of date and untrue to facts. Our Joseph Lebanon of to-day learn surface manners and polite speech from association with their social superiors; our fashionable modistes now need no help of blackmail to achieve their ambitions. But some of the present interpreters are also to blame for the lack of force conspicuous in this revival of what is still, after all, a very amusing piece of satire. Miss Emery, for instance, whom we do not expect, of course, to copy the broad methods of Mrs. John Wood, seems to forget till the third act that Lady Twombley is a humorous character. Mr. Cyril Maude, while droll enough as Lebanon, does not express the Jewish broker's racial side as did Mr. Weedon Grossmith. And Miss Nancy Price's modiste, though cleverly characterised, is rather too assertive. On the other hand, Mr. Eric Lewis is perfect as the flute-playing Minister; his alert, vivacious style might well serve as an example to some of his stage comrades.

"THE BREED OF THE TRESHAMS," AT THE LYRIC.

His Hamlet having failed to attract, Mr. Martin Harvey has wisely put up at the Lyric that capital example of cape-and-sword romance, "The Breed of the Treshams," which has already made—at the Kennington Theatre—a successful London début. "John Rutherford's" play may be nothing very wonderful—indeed, it is stuffed with all the stock ingredients of costume melodrama, including a Sardou-like torture scene—but it is picturesque in its Cavalier and Roundhead setting, it abounds in bustle and excitement, and it affords Mr. Harvey ample scope for broadly coloured emotional effects and stirring declamation in the rôle of Reresby the Rat, a not too scrupulous or honourable hero, who is, nevertheless, capable of dare-devil bravery and passionate loyalty in aid of a traitorous brother and his rather unworthy sweetheart, even to the endurance of torturing cords and red-hot irons. Miss de Silva, too, as a cheeky young lad devoted to the "Rat's" service, is almost as happily provided for by the playwright as is Mr. Harvey himself.

PARLIAMENT.

The Duke of Devonshire opened a debate in the Lords on the Colonial Conference. He wanted especially to know whether a Conference would be held next year, and if so, how this could be reconciled with Mr. Balfour's promise that the General Election would come first. Lord Lansdowne replied that, if the Conference were held next year, the Government could not control its deliberations. It would not be, however, the kind of Conference Mr. Balfour had in his mind with regard to the fiscal issue. This could be held only in the event of the present Government remaining in office as the result of an appeal to the constituencies.

Lord James of Hereford and Lord Balfour complained of the references to the Unionist Free Traders in Mr. Chamberlain's speech at St. Helens, and the Duke of Devonshire said he could not find in Mr. Balfour's speeches the opinions which Mr. Chamberlain had attributed to the Prime Minister. The Lord Chancellor declared that the Government was responsible only for their own statements, and would not submit to any cross-examination about Mr. Chamberlain's.

In the Commons the Finance Bill was read a third time. There was a warm debate on the subject of motor-cars, some members pleasantly suggesting that fines were no good, and that imprisonment would be wholesome for owners as well as chauffeurs. Mr. Gerald Balfour announced that the Government would appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the operation of the Motor-Car Act.

MUSIC.

GRAND OPERA.

At Covent Garden we have heard a remarkable performance of "Die Meistersinger," one that raises the question whether Munich, Dresden, or Bayreuth could set anything better against it. The famous opera is the most complete and intricate comedy in the world, and in the path of its presentation are many difficulties. Not only did Dr. Richter avoid them all; he approached the opera with the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. His responsibility sat lightly upon him. He was as fresh and young and full of the very joy of life as the Preislied itself. And in response to the great directing mind, the opera yielded all its most subtle charms in fashion that held a crowded house from seven until the stroke of midnight, and sent the audience away full of regret that the curtain had fallen. On the stage Van Rooy's Hans Sachs shone out like a fixed star among the planets.

With Melba as Marguerite and Dalmorès as Faust, Gounod's opera was heard to so great an advantage that even the Jewel Song seemed new. "Faust" makes small appeal to the higher musical sense, but if we can surrender to the charm of its naive sweetness it will yield infinite pleasure in return. There are times, too, when the world-tragedy that Gounod might have left to some more serious musician appears vaguely in the light of the gay music. We would not willingly spare Gounod's melodies, but cannot avoid the thought that they would have fitted a trivial subject better than they serve Goethe's masterpiece. Be that as it may, the opera is a favourite, and it was finely sung, the chorus showing a rare quality.

THE WALDORF THEATRE.

The first production that came as a novelty to the present generation was a compressed version of Paer's "Maestro di Cappella." This charming trifle, full of melody and comedy and sparkling with the *ricami* that our grandparents loved, was admirably interpreted. In Signor Pini-Corsi the Waldorf has one of the best buffo we have seen. "L'Amico Fritz" has been revived, with De Lucia, the many voiced, in the rôle of Fritz Kobus, Ancona as the Rabbi, and Madame de Cisneros as the Gipsy. To all of these artists we may pay the tribute of sincere praise, even while being uncertain whether Mascagni's opera has all the intrinsic merit that its revival would suggest.

"Don Pasquale," written for Mario, Grisi, Tamburini, and Lablache more than sixty years ago, took a fresh lease of life at the Waldorf. The artists engaged, notably Signors Bonci and Pini-Corsi, entered into the spirit of the opera in fashion that was irresistible. It became a happy musical comedy which the performers seemed to enjoy to the full, and they magnetised the audience until one and all were in Donizetti's own country.

CONCERTS.

Mr. Henry Wood brought his season to a close with another fine concert devoted entirely to Wagner. Though there are times when the distinguished conductor's readings have a certain quality of modernity that does not appeal to us very directly, it is impossible to overlook the breadth and intelligence of his views. Moreover, he has raised his orchestra to a very high pitch of executive excellence, and in the course of a concert that showed the master in many varied moods, the players moved as one in response to the conductor's baton. Fresh from the performance of "Die Meistersinger" at Covent Garden, the selections from the opera, the preludes to the first and third acts, had a curious interest. A few hours earlier they had enjoyed a dramatic as well as a musical side, and yet we were not conscious of any distinct loss when we heard the preludes again, so finely were they rendered.

At the Albert Hall, Madame Patti proved to her many admirers that her voice retains very much of the old-time quality. Her reception was worthy of her reputation, and she was ably aided by Madame Ada Crossley, Ben Davies, Victor Maurel, and others. Seldon has the great hall heard more applause.

Mr. Hillier has introduced us to the Ostend Kursaal Orchestra. It is an excellent orchestra—for the Ostend Kursaal. At the Queen's Hall we ask for a rather better quality in the reading of great masters. M. César Thomson appeared on Saturday, and the wonderful quality of his playing atoned for the orchestra's shortcomings.

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CRYSTAL PALACE ... CRYSTAL PALACE, via Broad Street and London Bridge, or Kensington.

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THE WORLD'S NEWS.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF SPAIN.

On Monday last Alfonso XIII., King of Spain, arrived in England. He landed at Portsmouth on the royal yacht

Victoria and Albert, which reached the jetty flying the Spanish ensign at the fore, the white ensign at the mizzen, and the royal standard of Spain at the main. The Prince of Wales, who had come down from London with his suite, went on board to meet and greet the royal visitor. Lunch was taken and an address presented by the Mayor of Portsmouth, the King replying in a written speech. Shortly after two his Majesty inspected the guards of honour on the jetty in heavy rain, and passed to the train while the band in attendance played the

Spanish National Anthem. At Victoria Station King Edward came, attended by the Duke of Connaught and several members of the Cabinet, to receive his guest. The Irish Guards formed the guard of honour. After warm greetings had been exchanged and presentations made, the royal party drove off to Buckingham Palace by way of Grosvenor Place, Piccadilly, St. James's Street, and the Mall. The streets were gaily decorated; red and yellow, the Spanish colours, being predominant, but the weather remained persistently at its worst. King Alfonso rested awhile in Buckingham Palace, and then paid short visits to the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein. There was a family dinner-party at Buckingham Palace in the evening.

OUR SUPPLEMENT. It is many centuries since the City of London has entertained so young a monarch as King Alfonso, if, indeed, the event be not unprecedented. The Guildhall banquet was of the usual magnificence which, of long use and wont, has come to be associated with the entertainment of the City Fathers. To Alderman John Pound, Lord Mayor for the present year, fell the honour of entertaining the Spanish Sovereign, who led in the Lady Mayoress. The Prince of Wales was the most distinguished British guest, but the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, with their two daughters, was not, perhaps, entirely devoid of significance, and may be taken as foreshadowing an event of national importance to the two countries most intimately connected with the banquet in our double-page illustration.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY. It looks as if the separation of Sweden and Norway were imminent. King Oscar has vetoed the demand of the Storting for a separate Consular service, and the Norwegian Ministry has resigned. It is suggested in Sweden that the two countries shall have absolutely separate Administrations, but preserve the link of the Crown. Whether this experiment will be made seems doubtful, but there is no danger of quarrel between the two peoples. If Norway should decide to be independent, no effort will be made by the Swedes to coerce her. The dispute about the Consular Service is symptomatic of

general disagreement. Even if it could be settled to the satisfaction of the Norwegians, they would probably make further demands. Independence seems to be the only solution from this standpoint. It will be interesting to see whether Norway will become a Republic; if not, how a new dynasty will be created.



REAR-ADMIRAL MISU,
THE ONLY JAPANESE ADMIRAL WOUNDED
AT TSUSHIMA.

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Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
THE LATE MR. H. C. RICHARDS,
M.P. FOR FINSBURY.

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OUR PORTRAITS. The resignation of a Speaker is always a notable event in the history of the Mother of Parliaments, and Mr. Gully will retire into private life with good wishes from both sides of the House. His appointment came to most people as a surprise, for he is of an eminently retiring disposition, and his nine years' service as Liberal member for Carlisle had passed almost unnoticed by the general public. At the Bar he was regarded as a very sound commercial lawyer, and enjoyed a big provincial practice; but few people thought of him in connection with the vacancy caused by Mr. Speaker Peel's resignation. Sir Matthew White Ridley was the candidate of the Conservative Party, and Mr. Balfour supported him very strongly. When Mr. Gully was elected, the Premier, then Leader of the Commons, said, in the course of a well-remembered speech, "We feel a perfect assurance in your impartiality." This confidence was not misplaced, and in some ten years' tenure of his high office, Mr. Gully has only provoked seriously hostile criticism once—in March 1901, when he ordered a body of police to carry out certain disorderly Nationalists.

Mr. Henry Charles Richards, K.C., M.P., who died last week, was in his fifty-fifth year. Educated at the old City of London School, he took the Bacon Scholarship at Gray's Inn in 1879, and was called to the Bar two years later. Early in the 'eighties he served for some time on the London School Board. In 1887 he became prosecuting counsel to the Post Office, and in following years he gained a considerable practice in ecclesiastical suits. He did not take silk until 1898, and a little later he was made a Bencher of his Inn (Gray's). In politics Mr. Richards was a fervent supporter of the Conservative party, and his first attempt to gain the suffrages of the electors was made more than twenty years ago, when he twice opposed

the enemy. From the reports to hand, it would appear that the enemy concentrated his fire upon the *Mikasa*, Admiral Togo's flag-ship, where the proportion of casualties is highest. We know nothing of Admiral Misu; he is one of the little company that only appears before the public when some daring piece of work has to be done. The task completed, the responsible man disappears, as Admiral Uriu did when the *Variag* and *Korietz* had been destroyed,

M. DELCASSÉ'S RESIGNATION.

Since the troubles which almost drove him from office at the end of April, M. Delcassé's position has been exceedingly insecure, and now the further gathering of the clouds in Morocco has forced him to tender a resignation that this time must be final.

The distinguished ex-schoolmaster's great services during seven years have not been sufficient to save him

from attack on the one or two points where he may be said to have failed, and his ungrateful country is now busy reminding him of the fact. He was perhaps too considerate to the Baltic Fleet of pious memory, and, regarding Morocco, he was buoyed up with false hopes based on the too glowing accounts of M. St. René de Taillandier, who has not been able to ward off the buffet of Germany. Hence exit Delcassé—a great statesman, undone, like many another, for lack of a complete gift of prophecy.

THE TROUBLES IN MOROCCO.

Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, the young Sultan of Morocco, has taken a very bold step. He has appealed to the Powers that were parties to the Treaty of Madrid and to the other Powers represented at Tangier for a fresh conference, and has rejected the proposals of M. St. René de Taillandier, the French Envoy. Here we see a distinct success for German diplomacy as represented by Count von Tattenbach, who is reputed to be more forceful than polite in the conduct of negotiations. The blow to French prestige is a heavy one, and though Mr. Lowther, our new Minister to Morocco, has arrived in Fez, the Sultan's manifesto was published to the world before the first audience could be granted. In Berlin the news has been received with undisguised satisfaction, for it is held there that German claims must now be recognised at the Quai d'Orsay. In Paris the irritation is very acute. Wide belief prevails in well-informed quarters that Great Britain, France, Russia, Spain, and perhaps Italy will decline to accept the Sultan's suggestion for a further Conference of the Powers.

THE PYGMIES AT THE HIPPODROME.

American "Lads in extremely interesting and novel feature in its Central African pygmies, six small and extraordinarily shy savages, one of them four feet high, who have been brought at immense cost from their home in the Ituri forest. These engaging little people, the men armed with bows and arrows and spears, seem happy in their new quarters, and take a childish delight in drawing pictures, in playing with battledores and shuttlecocks, and in handling coloured beads, but on the first night of their engagement the applause of their large audience appeared to occasion in them stage-fright, so that their dancing and mournful singing were of the briefest. They should prove a great attraction at the Hippodrome.



Photo, London Stereo Co.
THE RIGHT HON. W. C. GULLY,
RETIRING SPEAKER.



THE DESTROYER THAT CAPTURED ROZHDESTVENSKY: THE YARROW-BUILT "SAZANAMI".
British workmanship in Japanese service served to capture the Admiral of the Baltic Fleet after the battle of the Sea of Japan. The "Sazanami" is one of eight similar vessels built at Poplar by Messrs. Yarrow and Co. The photograph here reproduced was taken when the vessel was running the measured mile at a speed of 31 knots. Her engines are designed on the Yarrow, Schlick, and Tweedy system for minimising vibration.

commemor-

Mr. Bradlaugh at Northampton. Success did not come until 1895, when he defeated Mr. Rowlands in East Finsbury. In the 1900 contest he retained the seat. Mr. Richards was a man of wide sympathies and varied interests, a clever speaker, and a good fighter. He will be missed in the Commons and at the Bar, and in Newlyn, where he was very well known. In him the Church loses a devout and level-headed supporter.

The new Member for Whitby, whose victory was an unexpected blow for the Conservative party, is the second son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton by his marriage with Lady Victoria Noel, daughter of the first Earl of Gainsborough, and was born in 1869. When he left Trinity College, Cambridge, to which he had come by way of Harrow, Mr. Noel Buxton made the Grand Tour and visited all our Colonies. On his return he devoted himself to a study of the drink question, and was associated with Mr. Charles Booth in certain experiments for the better regulation of public-houses. He has studied farming in Denmark, and founded a promising co-operative society in this country. In 1895 Mr. Buxton went to South Australia as A.D.C. to his father, the Governor. Since the Greco-Turkish War he has made several journeys to the Near East, and has done his best to arouse active sympathy for the Macedonians in this country. Mr. Buxton has also taken great interest in Volunteer work, and held a commission in the 2nd Tower Hamlets Rifle Volunteers. In the East End of London the new member for Whitby is well known as a pioneer in the settlement work.

While the glory of victory falls to all the brilliant Admirals of the Japanese Fleet, the honour of a wound comes to Admiral Misu alone. The long-range firing of the Japanese proved fatal to the best sailors in the Tsar's service, but the Russian fire achieved little or nothing, perhaps because, as our illustration of last week showed, Admiral Togo has taken certain liberties with the orthodox top-hamper of his war-ships, and is not inclined to offer targets to

The programme at the London Hippodrome, which still retains its Polar bears and its Blue," can now boast an



MR. NOEL BUXTON,
NEW M.P. FOR WHITBY.

THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF KING ALFONSO IN PARIS: THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION

DRAWN BY GEORGE SCOTT FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SCENE JUST AFTER THE OUTRAGE.



THE OFFICIAL SEARCH FOR FRAGMENTS OF THE BOMB IN THE RUE DE ROHAN, 2.30 A.M. JUNE 1.

Shortly after midnight on May 31, as King Alfonso was leaving the gala performance at the Paris Opéra, a bomb was exploded close to his carriage at the corner of the Rue de Rohan and the Rue de Rivoli. Fortunately, his Majesty and M. Loubet escaped unhurt, but the horse of a Captain of the Guard fell dead, and several persons were injured. The bomb was filled with fragments of iron and bullets, but the charge was too weak to penetrate the body of the carriage. During the early hours of June 1 the French police examined the scene of the affair by torchlight.



A PAGEANT SPOILED BY RAIN: THE KING OF SPAIN'S PROCESSION TURNING FROM ST. JAMES'S STREET INTO PICCADILLY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY.

The brilliant spectacle that had been prepared for the welcome of the King of Spain was entirely marred by the pitiless downpour which continued throughout the whole of June 5. Closed carriages were an unfortunate necessity, and sightseers were consequently doomed to be disappointed to a great extent; but the crowd did not permit meteorological considerations to mar the enthusiasm of their welcome to the young King.



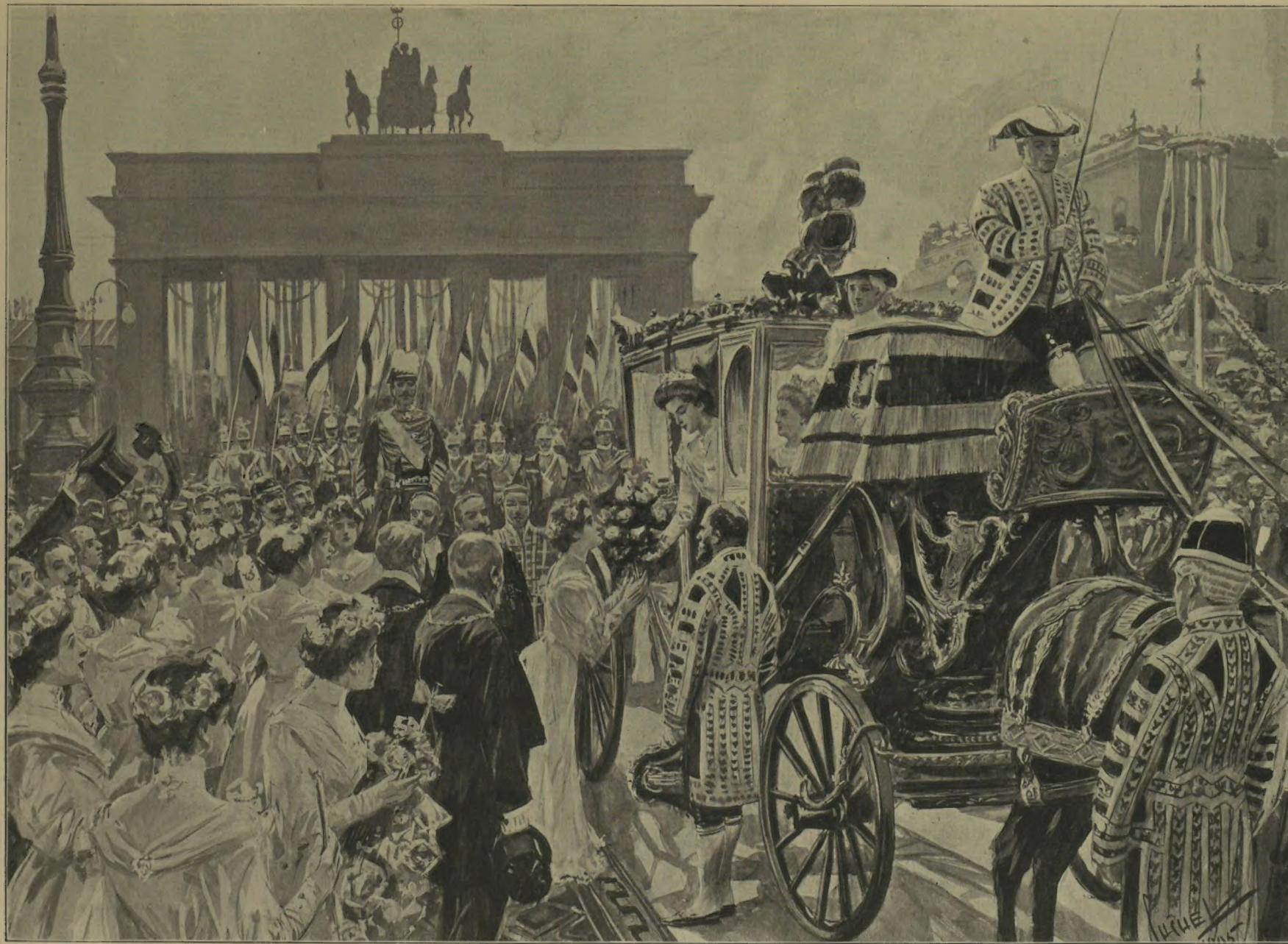
BERLIN'S ENTHUSIASM OVER THE CROWN PRINCE'S BRIDE: THE WELCOME IN THE PARISER PLATZ

PHOTOGRAPH BY ZANDER AND LABISCH.

In the Pariser Platz, the traditional "place de cérémonie" of Berlin, had been erected two tribunes facing each other on either side of the square. Here the bride's procession halted during the state entry, and the Duchess Cecilia received the formal greetings of Berlin.

BERLIN'S OFFICIAL WELCOME TO THE CROWN PRINCE'S BRIDE: THE CIVIC CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



Mayor's Daughter.

Bride.

Kaiserin.

THE MAYOR'S DAUGHTER PRESENTING A BOUQUET TO THE DUCHESS CECILIA NEAR THE BRANDENBURG GATE, BERLIN.

The Duchess Cecilia made her state entry into Berlin on June 3. At the Brandenburg Gate, which was decorated with the colours of the Hohenzollerns and of the house of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the bride was received by the civic authorities. The Mayor of Berlin read an address of welcome, and his daughter presented the bride with a bouquet of roses. The procession then passed on to the Castle, where the Emperor, at the head of eighty-two Princes, formally received his daughter-in-law to be.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA.

DRAWN BY EDWARD CUCUEL OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



Grand Duchess Anastasia. Kaiser. Bride. Bridegroom. Kaiserin. Crown Prince of Sweden.

THE CROWN PRINCE AND HIS BRIDE WITH THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE, JUNE 5.

With the exception of the wedding celebration itself, the public ceremonies in connection with the marriage came to an end with the gala performance at the Opera on the evening of June 5. The betrothed occupied the central position in the royal box, and to right and left of them sat the bridegroom's father and mother, the bride's mother, and other near relations. Further to their left was the Crown Prince of Sweden.

SAUNDERSON AND THE DEVIL-FISH.

By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

PACKENHAM, the skipper, and Denison, the supercargo of the *Palestine*, loathed Saunderson.

Saunderson was the junior partner of a firm owning a fleet of South Sea trading-vessels, of which the *Palestine* was one, and every two years he was sent round the islands on a tour of inspection of the various trading-stations. He always picked upon the *Palestine*, in which to make the cruise, and it was this that made them so hate the man.

Saunderson, in the first place, was aggressively pious, and always brought his harmonium with him, and played it in season and out of season, when the brig was at anchor; at sea he was always too ill. In the second place, none of the traders liked him—because he insisted upon their letting native teachers have whatever goods they wanted at 25 per cent. less than the "lay" natives. Thirdly, he was a fearful bore, a great intermeddler with other people's affairs, and was always getting himself into trouble over his officiousness, and then blaming Denison; thought he knew everything under the sun, especially about the native customs and the South Seas generally; believed himself to be a proficient Polynesian linguist, owing to his having made two voyages, each of three months' duration; and was always hinting that supercargoes were not a necessity—in fact, he was, as Denison in his wrath one day told him, "a confounded, fatuous, muddling fat-head, and a nuisance to have to put up with on a trading-vessel."

Saunderson wanted the firm to sack Denison for this, but the senior partner wouldn't have it, for Denison was too valuable a man to lose; but the firm wrote him a formal letter, and asked him to apologise to Mr. Saunderson in writing. He replied by post, and registered the letter.

DEAR SIRS,—I am in receipt of yours of even date requesting me to send a written apology to Mr. Alexander Saunderson. I beg respectfully to inform you in reply thereto that I will see Mr. Alexander Saunderson hanged before I send him an apology.—Yours obediently,

THOMAS DENISON,
Supercargo,
Brig *Palestine*.

Then the matter dropped, and Saunderson one day came on board in Sydney to

make his third trip, bringing with him his harmonium. He shook hands with Denison, and said he hoped that they would get on better together this time. He was a forgiving sort of idiot, and to show that he bore Denison no ill-will, gave him a book called "Daily Thoughts for Daily Needs"—eminently suitable for a rum and gin-selling supercargo in the South Sea trade. The supercargo said he was touched, and would read the book on Sundays.

"And look here, Saunderson," he added, "we ought to get on very well together, but you are such a blundering ass, and think you know more than anyone else. Now, I have been fifteen years supercargooing all over the Pacific, and you can't teach

me my business. And you ought to remember that I saved you from being murdered by Commander Muddle of the *Badger*, when you let a dynamite cartridge drift alongside his ship, and nearly blew her up. Heavens! I shall never forget the awful bang, and the fearful oaths Muddle used when he knocked you over the wharf into the water. I told you that you would have an accident, but you wouldn't listen to me, as usual, and so nearly sank one of Her Majesty's gun-boats. Now, didn't you?"

Saunderson's fat face twitched and he shuddered. He could never forget that awful day.

"Then you are always interfering with me and the natives, instead of minding your own business—which

is to overhaul the traders' books. You think you can speak Samoan and Tahitian and Fijian, but you only know enough to make a blazing fool of yourself, and say things to the chiefs and their women-folk that are fearfully insulting, and make the women bolt."

Saunderson protested. He only wanted to be polite, he said.

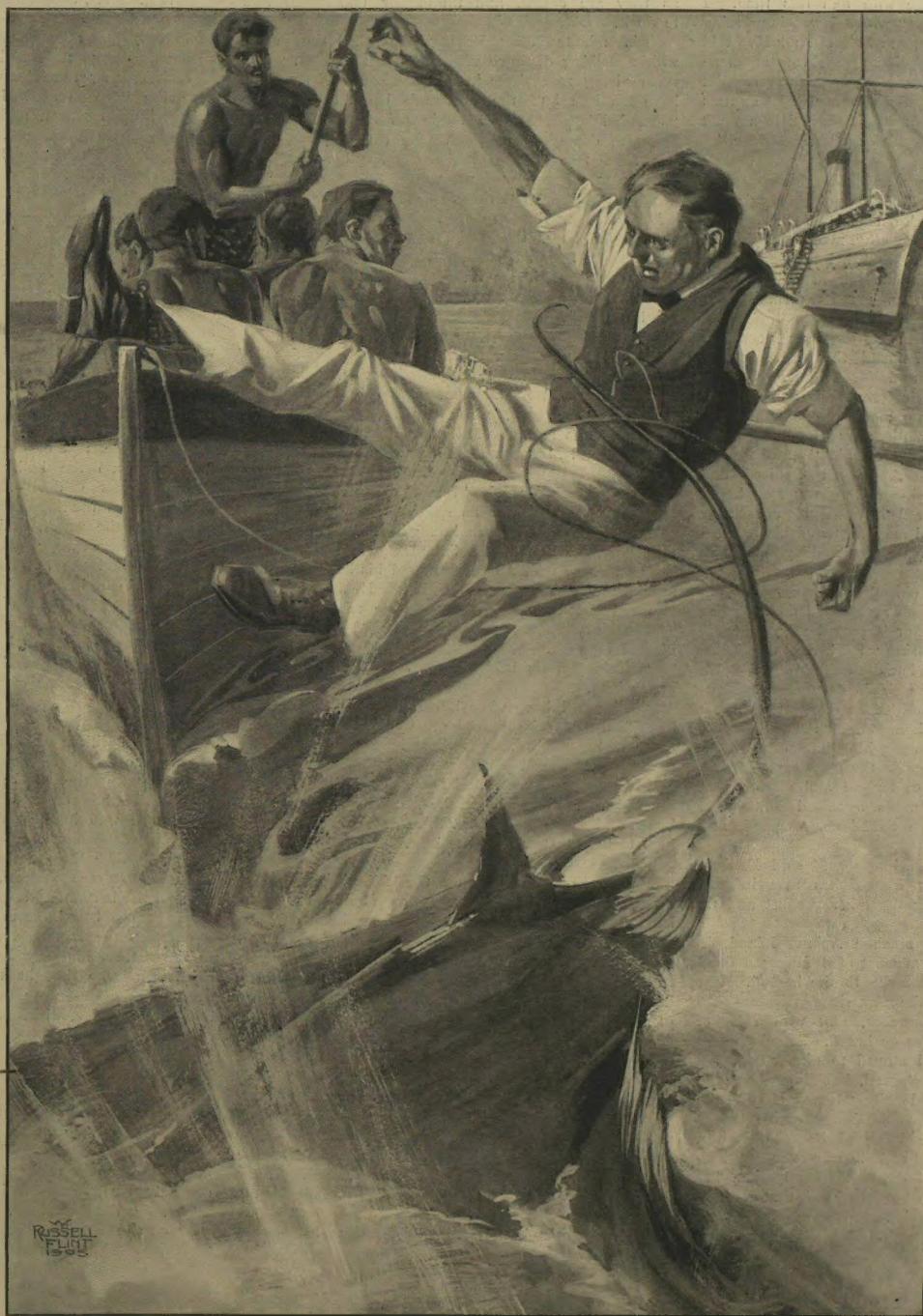
"Ah, just so, but you do just the other thing, and then the women go and tell the missionaries of the shocking, awful things you say to them. In fact, you have a fearful name in some of the islands."

Saunderson looked incredulous, but Denison went on summing up, and in a few minutes Saunderson's self-assertion gave way, and he promised to be careful in future.

"Then, there is another thing you've done which is, losing the firm a lot of money and turned the traders against you to a man—and some of 'em are very religious men, although they don't show it."

Saunderson's dignity was hurt this time—"I try to save money for the firm, not lose it," he said with lofty asperity. "Please explain."

"Why, the idiotic rule you have enforced by which all our traders must sell any of their goods to the native teachers at 25 per cent. less than to the rest of the people: Now, Saunderson, I know you are a religious man, and would not knowingly lend yourself to anything improper, and although you and I have often quarrelled, I have a great respect for you as an endeavouring



Flying overboard, as if he had been shot out of a catapult.

Christian. You must rescind that rule, which is demoralising to the native teachers in particular and the other natives in general, and has made three of our traders—Maccabe, Oliphant, and Black Sam—take to drink, beat their wives and children, and behave scandalously, and if I were you I should feel that I had done a very wicked thing. For every blow those men inflict upon their poor wives, for every time they get drunk, for all the fearful things they see in the horrid visions of *délirium tremens*, you, Saunderson, are responsible."

Saunderson opened his mouth in astonishment, and Denison went on.

"You see, native teachers are not saints, though they do their best to look like 'em. Now, this is what has happened since you made your precious rule—any native who wants to buy anything from the trader goes to the native teacher, and gets a written order from him, planks it down, and the poor, struggling trader has to let him have what he wants at 25 per cent. less than the proper price. See! It is all your doing, Saunderson—it's encouraging dishonesty, lying, drunkenness, and general immorality, and—"

"I'll stop it," said Saunderson hastily, and he there and then wrote out forty-two notices to forty-two individual traders, cancelling the rule whereby the smug native teachers obtained their goods cheaply from the exasperated traders.

Denison went on deck and told Packenham of the good work he had done, and Packenham nodded approval as he chewed his cigar.

"I think, Pack," said the supercargo, "that we won't have so much trouble with him this time. I have descended to low flattery whilst I was impressing upon him what a thundering ass he is. And I've told the steward to watch his chance and smear some butter over the internal and infernal anatomy of that cursed harmonium. In two days there will be swarms of cockroaches inside the beastly thing, and in a week it will be done for, and only fit for packing-case."

Saunderson behaved very well for the next two weeks. He was employed in trying to repair the harmonium, which the cockroaches had devastated; and Denison, to show his sympathy, made phosphorous paste to destroy the vermin, and helped Saunderson to paint the interior of the instrument with it, well knowing it would never groan out its dismal tunes any more.

Then one day Saunderson borrowed an accordion from a native sailor, and found that it suited his voice "for sacred music," and the *Palestine* became a floating hell of discord—instrumentally and socially, for Denison and Packenham made things unpleasant for the crew, and the mate complained of being deprived of his sleep by Saunderson's "music" when it was his watch below. And then Denison and Saunderson again quarrelled, and the former said that if a deadly mutiny occurred it would be caused by Saunderson and his accursed accordion and his harrowing hymns, and that the mate was a dangerous man with lunacy in his family.

Saunderson became his old, offensively pompous self again, and inquired if Denison understood their relative positions. Immediately after supper he brought out his accordion, and began to sing "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," and Denison left the cabin, went for'ard, and returned with Jack, the ship's dog, a huge Newfoundland, which always howled so dismal at music of any kind that Packenham would not allow the native seamen to play upon anything but Jews' harps. Denison tied the dog up beside the open skylight, and in three minutes Saunderson's vocal and instrumental efforts were drowned in Jack's agonised howls and weird, awful groans. Then Saunderson stopped, and went to bed.

"We have the bulge on him now," said Denison to the mate. "Whenever he touches that infernal accordion, I'll bring along the other vocalist and tie him up."

One day the *Palestine* reached Apia Island, in the Gilbert group, and on account of it falling a dead calm, anchored off the entrance to the lagoon. Just inside the passage was the American mission-ship *Morning Star*, also at anchor, and with a lot of missionaries and their wives on board. Saunderson at once went off to her, and stayed to dinner with the reverend gentlemen. He returned, babbling about the *Morning Star* being an ideally "happy ship"—the captain and officers were so kind and gentle to the crew, etc., etc. Then he informed Denison, with a triumphant look, that he had bought another harmonium. It was destined for a mission station, but Saunderson had begged so hard to buy it that the boss missionary consented, especially as there were several others on board, all intended for various mission houses. So Saunderson said he would not only pay the 100 dollars he was asked, but would give a donation of 25 dollars to the mission fund. It was to be sent on board in the morning. Then he took 125 dollars in gold out of the ship's safe, and went off beamingly to have a little music with his new friends. He was

so radiantly happy, and so ready to show that he wanted to be friends again with them, that Packenham and Denison unbent, and all three had drinks together—Saunderson taking ginger ale.

"This is a pretty 'do,'" said Denison gloomily to the skipper after Saunderson had gone.

"But we have the dog," said Packenham thoughtfully, as he pulled his grizzled moustache.

Denison brightened up.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, one of the hands of the *Palestine*, who was aloft, saw two huge sea-rays cruising about the ship, and the mate and Denison had a tub of whale-line, a harpoon, and lance tumbled into the whale-boat, and with five native seamen started off in pursuit.

Now, the gigantic ray of the mid-Pacific Islands is an ugly and dangerous customer to tackle by inexperienced men, for it has a trick of suddenly leaping out of the water and descending upon a boat like a falling brick wall, destroying the boat and drowning the occupants. Sometimes it does this when a harpoon is in its back and it is enraged; sometimes it does it out of pure, unadulterated devilry. It is a monstrous creature, sometimes twenty feet or more in width from wing to wing, and with a bony tail of ten feet in length, armed, at the junction with the hideous body, with a fearful, closely serrated barb as long as a bayonet. Native canoes always give it a wide berth, but the traders occasionally kill it for the sake of the oil its liver contains. Both the mate and Denison had killed many of these "devil-fish," as they are called, and thoroughly understood how to do it.

Ten minutes after leaving the ship they came within striking distance of one of the monsters, which was cruising to and fro in the passage; and the mate hoisted his iron into the creature's back. It at once "sounded" (dived) and made off at a terrific rate seaward, dragging the boat, with oars a-peak, after it. In a few minutes it burst upward again, and then leapt clean out of the water, falling back with a mighty splash; but the whale line had been eased off the moment the great bull-like head appeared, and though the long, snaky tail swept round and round with savage fury it could not tear out the harpoon.

"We've got him now, Meredith," said Denison, "but let him have a bit of a run before we give him the lance."

Under the awning, spread over the after-deck of the *Morning Star*, were the missionaries, their wives, the captain, and Saunderson, all deeply interested in the scene—the boat, with oars still a-peak, flying over the calm surface of the sea, Denison aft at the steer-oar, and Meredith standing up in the bows, lance in hand.

"Regular whaler style," remarked the captain of the missionary-ship—himself an ex-whaler skipper.

"Oh, but it must be real dangerous," cried a pretty little lady, "is it not, Mr. Saunderson?"

Saunderson smiled and shrugged his shoulders, and replied that there was nothing in it. He began to feel annoyed that his new friends were more interested in watching the scene than in himself, and mentally blamed Denison.

"Could you do it?" inquired Mrs. Brookes—the pretty lady.

"Oh, yes, I have often killed one of those brutes," he replied unblushingly, for he really had speared several seals in Loch Ryan. "If there is another one about to-morrow I'll show you how I do it."

Meanwhile the mate and Denison had hauled up to the big ray, and given it the *coup-de-grace* with the lance, and signalled to the *Palestine* to send a second boat to help to tow it to the brig.

Soon after breakfast on the following morning, Packenham and Denison went on shore to see the local trader. Saunderson remained on board, for he was waiting for the harmonium. The dead calm still prevailed, and the sun shone upon an oily, glassy sea. Meredith, the mate, was leaning over the rail smoking his pipe, when he happened to notice the "wings" of a devil-fish flapping out of the water, half a cable length away. He pointed them out to Saunderson, and remarked that it was the mate of the one that he and Denison had killed on the preceding day, and that it was seeking its missing companion.

"I think I'll go and kill the beast, Mr. Meredith," said Saunderson airily, "will you mind making ready one of the boats and putting all the things into it—the harpoons and lances, and all that is wanted. Hurry up, please, as I want to be back here in time for my harmonium."

Meredith stared at him blankly, and then observed that it was a "cow" devil-fish, bereft of its mate, and very dangerous to tackle. "But, of course, I'll go with you, Sir, and instead of putting an iron into her, we'll settle her with the bomb gun."

Saunderson at once became Alexander Saunderson, Esquire.

"Mr. Meredith, prepare the boat with all the necessities. I am killing this devil-fish, and I do not require either your services or a bomb gun. Do you understand?"

"Certainly, Sir," and Meredith, with a great joy in his heart, yelled out to the deck—

"Hands to man port whaler. Lime-tub, harpoons and lances. Look alive!"

In a few minutes the boat was speeding over the water towards the devil-fish, Saunderson steering, whilst one of the five native seamen bent the line on to the harpoon-pole. Then the man came aft, and Saunderson went for'ard, and picked up the harpoon—a weapon he had never before handled in his life. The five natives, however, did not know this, or they would not have gone with him. They knew that he was a fool, but never dreamt how great a one.

As he looked ahead he saw that his harmonium was being lowered into a boat alongside the missionary-ship, and it was followed by six of the missionaries, whom Saunderson had invited to come on board the *Palestine*; and on the quarter-deck were a number of ladies, among whom he recognised pretty Mrs. Brookes. He waved his hand to them, and there was a responding flutter of handkerchiefs. They were all looking at him. It made him feel mighty proud.

On went the boat till within twenty fathoms of the great fish, whose huge, horny back and bull head were showing above water. It was moving very slowly through the glassy water. Saunderson stood erect, disdaining to brace himself against the knee-thwart. Leaning back slightly, he poised the harpoon.

"Wait a bit, wait a bit," yelled the steersman, as he swerved the boat's head a little, "do you wan' to be killed? Don't heave until you are well abreast of de head. Ah, you big fool!"

Saunderson "hove" as the man was speaking—hove the harpoon as if he were throwing a cricket ball, and the harpoon, and pole as well, fell flat upon the bull-like head, and rolled off, and the next instant the startled fish swung her fearful tail out of the water, caught Saunderson a blow in the abdominal region, and sent him flying overboard, as if he had been shot out of a catapult. And then, at the same time, as he splashed into the water, the line began to run out at lightning speed, for the devil-fish had in some way fouled it, and was carrying it away.

The moment the steersman saw Saunderson go overboard, he sprang in after him, and succeeded in getting hold of the man, who was half-full of water. And away went the boat, for when the steersman jumped to save Saunderson, the line in some way slipped off the loggerhead, and in two minutes the whole one hundred, and twenty fathoms had whizzed out through the stem notch.

Whilst the rest of the boat's crew were engaged in picking up the bulky figure of the unconscious Saunderson, the devil-fish was making a furious course across the lagoon, every now and then leaping out of the water, and bending herself into weird curves in her frantic efforts to clear herself of the whale-line and the harpoon, which was banging her tail. No doubt her passions were aroused, and when her great goggle eyes discerned right ahead of her a boatload of people, the creature went for it with righteous indignation and deadly intent. Folding her great bat-like wings under her body, she humped herself into the shape of an outspread but submerged umbrella, and then, with a torrent of foam pouring from all round her, she leapt into the air, flattened out, and fell with a sickening crash upon the boatload of missionaries, and Saunderson's harmonium. Then, still dragging the line, she made off to the sea, feeling she had done her duty and got even with the people who had killed her husband and insulted her.

By the time the missionaries and their boat's crew had come to the surface, and the harmonium had gone to the bottom, and whilst the dreadful screams of the ladies on board the *Morning Star* were resounding across the lagoon, Saunderson's boat had come to the rescue, and saved everyone, and the reverend gentlemen—who thought that they had been struck by a thunderbolt—were taken to the missionary-ship, and their injuries, which were slight, attended to.

Saunderson couldn't attend the thanksgiving service held on board the mission-ship on the following day. He was too miserable with a fractured rib, and did not even show any grief when Denison told him that his harmonium was at the bottom of the lagoon.

"And by rights, Saunderson," said Denison, kindly but firmly, "you ought to be there with it. It is certainly true that Providence spares the innocent infant, the drunken man, and the idiot. Now here is your own 'Daily Thoughts for Daily Needs.' Perhaps you'll find something in it to bear you up in your knowledge that by your infernal vanity you nearly caused the deaths of six good, pious clergymen, four A.B.'s, and an officer, and have lost me a whale-line and harpoon, that cost altogether sixty dollars—and, I must remind you, I am a poor man."

OUR SPANISH ROYAL VISITOR: HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY AND THE CHURCH.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK FROM COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.



KING ALFONSO AS A KNIGHT TEMPLAR: HIS MAJESTY, IN THE HABIT OF THE MILITARY ORDERS, LEAVING THE PRIORY CHURCH OF CIUDAD REAL UNDER A CANOPY OF STATE.



THE KING KISSING THE CROSS DURING A VISIT TO BARCELONA.

King Alfonso maintains the tradition that brought his ancestors the title of "Catholic Majesty." On his present journey, the first he has made beyond the confines of his own kingdom, his Majesty halted on Sunday, May 28, at San Sebastian and heard Mass. On Sunday, June 4, his Majesty attended Divine service at the Spanish chapel in the Avenue Friedland, Paris, and during his visit to London he will hear High Mass at the new Westminster Cathedral.

PYGMIES FROM THE SOUDAN: HOME CUSTOMS OF OUR TINY VISITORS AT THE HIPPODROME.

DRAWING BY S. BEGG FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COLONEL HARRISON; PHOTOGRAPH NO. 3 COPYRIGHT BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



1. THE PYGMIES AT HOME.

2. A FESTIVAL DANCE.

3. "THE PYGMIES ON THEIR WAY TO ENGLAND ON BOARD THE 'ORESTES.'

Colonel Harrison recently discovered the race to which these pygmies belong at Ituri, in the Sudan. He brought them to Cairo, and now they have come to England for exhibition. The smallest of the party, Mongogo, is eighteen, and stands just three feet high; Magani, the tallest, is four feet. Their ages are difficult to decide. At eight they marry, at twelve they reach their prime, and at forty they are "too old." They are believed to be the tribe seen and described by Stanley.

THE VICTOR OF THE SEA OF JAPAN IN HIS OWN CABIN: OUR ARTIST'S INTERVIEW WITH ADMIRAL TOGO.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT, WHILE ADMIRAL TOGO'S GUEST ON BOARD THE "MIRASA."



Admiral Togo.

THE ADMIRAL DISCUSSING THE SHELL THAT ALMOST COST THE JAPANESE FLEET ITS COMMANDER.

During one of the engagements before Port Arthur the nearer of the two shells burst on board the "Mikasa," and almost cost Admiral Togo his life. The fragments were collected and placed together as far as possible with cement, and this shell now stands in the Admiral's cabin. Close beside it is a chilled-steel shot, which also came on board the "Mikasa," but did little damage. The shot itself is slightly broken at the point. The Admiral keeps on his table two beautiful little dwarf trees, many hundred years old, which were presented to him by Count Okuma. Beside them is the inevitable smoking-box, in which a little piece of charcoal is always glowing. The drawings at the Admiral's right hand are a picture and a plan of the battle of August 10, sketched by the ship's steward. The flowers on the mantelpiece had been sent from Kolo. Inside the trees are the Admiral's violin, in which he played Mo. Wolfe to make a solo.

RECREATING HISTORY: THE SPECTACLE AND FOLK-PLAY COMMEMORATING

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CLARKE



1. FIRST EPISODE: ST. EALDHelm BLESSING THE CHILDREN OF THE ANCIENT INHABITANTS OF SHERBORNE.

2. THE SECOND EPISODE: THE BATTLE WITH THE DANES; THE PEOPLE OF SHERBORNE LED BY EALHSTAN.

3. THE CONQUEST: WILLIAM TELLING THE PEOPLE OF SHERBORNE THAT THIS TOWN IS NO LONGER A BISHOPRIC, NOR THE CAPITAL OF WESSEX.

Next week Sherborne celebrates the twelve-hundredth anniversary of the foundation by St. Ealdhelm of the town, bishopric, and school. The occasion is to be commemorated by a play through the centuries. The play has been written by Mr. Louis N. Parker. The symbolic

A. HUGH
FISHER

THE 1200TH ANNIVERSARY OF SHERBORNE TOWN, BISHOPRIC, AND SCHOOL.

AND HYDE; ONE BY GOODFELLOW.



4. ROGER OF CARN LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF SHERBORNE CASTLE.

5. ROBERT NEVILLE, BISHOP OF SARUM, SUGGESTING THE FOUNDATION OF A HOSPITAL IN HONOUR OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AND ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

6. SIR WALTER RALEIGH, SLIPPING HIS FOOT AT SHERBORNE, TAKES IT AS AN OMEN AND RESOLVES TO FOUNDED A CASTLE THERE.

magnificent historical pageant given in the grounds of the ruined castle. It reviews the whole history of the town in eleven episodes and a final picture, and traces the progress borders of these pages contain Celtic, Gothic, Norman, late Gothic, "Decorated," and Elizabethan designs.

BOOKS AND THEIR STORIES.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POETRY.

IN his third volume of "A History of Modern England" (Macmillan) Mr. Paul covers the period of Gladstone's zenith, beginning the story with the death of Palmerston, and stopping rather abruptly in 1875, when the great leader was in temporary retirement. The ten years in question saw the downfall of France and creation of the German Empire, but Mr. Paul's treatment of modern history is more insular than that of Sir Spencer Walpole. On the other hand, it is much more lively, and the author's malicious wit ranges freely over the careers of many interesting persons. For instance, it would be impossible to dismiss two keen antagonists, who died in the same week, with more deadly irony than is contained in these sentences: "Lord Westbury, like Bishop Wilberforce, was adroit and supple rather than deep. But he had not the Bishop's knowledge of the world, and what he did appeared worse rather than better from his manner of doing it. Either prudence or moral sense seems to be required for lasting success even in so imperfect a society as this." Mr. Paul's Liberalism does not prevent his taking a refreshingly independent view of some of Gladstone's characteristics, while his cynicism compels him to pay tribute to Disraeli's temperament. The facts of the Reform Act of 1867, the Gladstonian Irish legislation of 1869-70, and the Education Act of the latter year may be more satisfactorily gleaned by the historical student from other sources, but Mr. Paul is very accurate even when subjects evidently bore him. He is at his best in his running commentary on the chief legal cases and ecclesiastical disputes of the period, and his enjoyment of the latter, while it may distress earnest theologians, enables the general reader to acquire much curious information—for example, to learn who said, "Let him write me a letter, a calm letter, and say he believes in the devil, and I will give him the sacrament!" and in what circumstances. Mr. Paul's work will never be a school text-book, we fear, though boys would like history better if it became one; but his summary of the events of thirty years ago has the freshness of an exceptionally brilliant weekly review. And, after all, who cares for perspective in comparison with humour?

Mr. Shorthouse will be remembered as a man of one book, but "John Inglesant" was so remarkable a piece of work that its author, a man who shunned notoriety, is fairly entitled to the posthumous monument now raised by his widow. His life was outwardly uneventful; he conducted with success a business in Birmingham, of which we are allowed to learn only that it included the oddly incongruous manufacture of vitriol, and until his first book was published he had little contact with the greater world. Constitutional delicacy and a troublesome stammer kept him aloof from politics, and his interests were centred in philosophy and religion. As a young man he left the Society of Friends to join the Church of England—which is to say that he felt the historic attraction of Anglicanism far more deeply than do most of those born within its fold. And so a successful modern man of business came to write the book which revealed to many of his countrymen for the first time the nature of the cause for which Laud and Charles I. gave their lives. Mrs. Shorthouse has expanded her book unduly by the inclusion of many unimportant letters, but her narrative is written in the right way. Her husband was anxious that Matthew Arnold should concentrate himself upon a great prose work, and the resultant correspondence is interesting. Shorthouse found out for himself the interests which a University career would have dictated to him, and perhaps for this reason made a great deal out of them. He was a man of strong opinions, but those of his books which treat of modern life have an air of remoteness which his biography helps to explain. The "Literary Remains" (Macmillan) include some interesting essays, but consist largely of juvenile papers, which have little claim to attention except as showing the author of "John Inglesant" in the making.

Was it necessary to translate the poems of Paul Verlaine (Walter Scott), as Mr. Ashmore Wingate has done with courage and affection? In the first place, there is no one, taking any actual interest in Verlaine, who could not make shift to read him in the original, however haltingly, and with whatever uncertainty as to strange phrases. And to read him thus, in French, is immeasurably better than to read him in the most unmistakable English. It is indeed doing Verlaine no ill turn to guess at some of his meanings. We can conceive a certain pleasure that he might well take in an attentively vague audience; and a conscientious reader, a little in doubt about a *nuance* of French, might precisely answer to this poet's dearest wishes, or at any rate might suit him better than an exact reader of an accurate but alien version. Any version must, in fact, be alien; Paul Verlaine conceived the very matter of his poems in French. Thus the difficult task attempted by Mr. Wingate was not worth doing. A little French is a fairly general possession—it is at least as general as a taste for Verlaine. Moreover, the translator is careless of what French he leaves untranslated. A little book of this kind ought not to appear disguised by a wrong gender in a note or by omitted accents, or its preface by such words as "naguère" and "St. Beuve." Yet the preface is somewhat more valuable than are the translations. It gives a fairly explicit account of a life whereof we have generally been allowed no more than hints. Was this, too, worth doing?

CURRENT FICTION IN BRIEF.

PEOPLE still buy books in America, and when an author hits its fancy, the public over there, which, as we all know, adores record figures, sees to it that there is nothing meagre about the sales. Perhaps it is not always careful enough to distribute its favours by merit; but no one will contest that it went wrong when it smiled on the creator of Mrs. Wiggs and Lovy Mary; and it is welcoming "Sandy" (Hodder and Stoughton), which is Alice Hegan Rice's latest story, with a ready appreciation. If we only took our lighter novelists seriously, measuring the tonic value of their cheerful philosophy, we should be flocking to join a Rice-Wiggin Band of Cheerful Endeavour, and pledging ourselves to turn our silver-lined clouds outside in, and to laugh heartily not less than thrice a day. Sandy, like Mrs. Wiggs, is a buoyant character. If we may be allowed to criticise a book so pleasant and courageous, we would wish to say that the young American girl in it—there is, as Artemus Ward would say, several of her—strikes us as rather an intolerable minx. She is a goddess to Sandy, naturally, whose evolution from stowaway to stalwart American proceeds under our eyes, but we would rather not meet her in the flesh. There is too much precocity about her youthful flirtations.

Rosa, in "The Poet and the Pierrot" (Chatto and Windus), by Dorothea Deakin, is, to our English taste, a more lovable young woman than Transatlantic Sandy's Kentucky flame. We can find, indeed, nothing but the highest praise for the character study in this modest little book. Miss Deakin has written a charming story, so quietly and unaffectedly that we guess at a reserve power, waiting its opportunity to do more ambitious things. She has a very pretty humour too, and the tears of her Pierrot and Pierrette—English seaside Pierrots, please, and not the original French variety—are, as they should be, no more than April showers, and have a happy summer ending. Incidentally, the touch that hits off the chilliness of the village ladies is inimitable. We have all met Mrs. Pridgian, whose drawing-room contains the "brilliant spoils of a hundred-and-one bazaars," and to have a quiet laugh at her behind the covers of a novel is to "score one" against the oppressive superiority of that righteous lady.

There can be no doubt, of course, of the inordinate cleverness of Fr. Rolfe, who has come forward now with a breathless sketch of a day in the life of a Roman contemporary of the Borgias, and has compressed into it an extravagant wealth of quaint conceit and irony. That "Don Tarquinio" (Chatto and Windus) is a book to leave its reader without a tingle of irritation is quite another matter; few people can sit still meekly while an author turns somersaults in front of a looking-glass without so much as a wink in their direction. Browning went through a similar acrobatic performance in "The Ring and the Book," and we have yet to find a man who has skimmed the lawyers' arguments there and preserved his patience. We say "skinned" advisedly, for obvious reasons. The curious, defiant novelty of it will carry people through Don Tarquinio's "macaroonics" (he wrote in an Italian jargon that was, as the author puts it, Greek where it wasn't Latin, and Fr. Rolfe has reproduced it by a grotesque assault upon the English language); and the incidents of this "Kataleptic Phantasmatic Romance" will satisfy the most voracious appetite.

Mr. Algernon Gissing may deal with elemental people—he is at his best, for instance, in probing the ways of a village maid with a man—but it cannot be denied that he takes a wilful pleasure in plunging them into abnormal difficulties. A good many things happen in "Baliol Garth" (Chatto and Windus) that would have been met differently in real life. The exigencies of the plot press hardly upon the characters. Mabel Calderwood's semi-engagement to a man for whom her feelings are not even lukewarm does not convince us; and we must flatly decline to believe that Baliol Garth would have entered into a conspiracy—it was nothing else—to inveigle her into a clandestine marriage with Mr. Osprey, whose appeal to him was so singularly unconvincing. These blemishes show plainly, because, as usual, Mr. Gissing's atmosphere is translucent, his grip of essential passions masterly, and the trend of events in his novel as inevitable as the call of Fate.

A book sub-titled "An Old Romance" may be expected to be a little artless, and so we find "Hearts of Wales" (Hutchinson), by Allen Raine. The mediæval setting, however, goes excellently well with the "maiden in all her wealth of youthful beauty," whose experiences in the stormy days of the last Welsh struggle for independence end in bridal cheers and the appropriate golden sunset. When did a cheerful love-story finish on a note of bad weather?

"A Child of the Shore" by Middleton Fox (John Lane) is an artistic piece of work, and probably a first novel, if we may judge by the naïve pride of creation which peeps out in the dedication. It is very fanciful and imaginative, and acutely sensitive to the spell of Celtic Cornwall, and it is a human story still, in spite of the supernatural element. We have not heard of Mr. Fox before; but it looks as if we ought to hear of him again. Mr. Quiller-Couch has had Cornwall in his pocket for some time; here is a writer who has arisen to dispute his possession, and who brings love and insight and an overflowing sympathy to make good his claim.

"NAPOLEON—THE FIRST PHASE."

M. OSCAR BROWNING dedicates to Lord Rosebery his account of Napoleon's youth. "The First Phase" (John Lane) should be, but somehow is not, as interesting as the "Last Phase." Of course, Mr. Browning is not an ex-Premier holding up his country to the scorn of the civilised world. Thus the present volume has less piquancy than its companion. Again, the habit of lecturing on history appears to be less productive of an attractive style than the practice of making delightful after-dinner speeches. But the story which Mr. Browning has to tell has really greater claims upon the reader than Lord Rosebery's theme. The spectacle of the conqueror of the world squabbling with his jailers, broken in health and mind, condescending to every petty meanness of conduct which might appeal to the sentimentalists, demanded all the art of a special pleader to become tolerable. But the beginnings of an extraordinary career compel the interest of everyone. Mr. Browning has worked assiduously at the materials collected by M. Masson, M. Chauvet, and other French writers, and he presents the result of his labours in a readable form. Perhaps he has, in a way, fallen between two stools, for the general reader will find some of his pages very tough; while the student will wish in vain for detailed references to the original authorities. Mr. Browning's method is that of one who, having read and assimilated all that has been written on his subject, reproduces it in his own manner.

The story leaves Napoleon a General of Brigade at twenty-four, already set apart by his conduct of the artillery before Toulon; the famous "whiff of grape-shot" has not yet quelled the Paris mob, nor has Josephine come before the ardent eyes of the young soldier. The first point, perhaps, to strike the reader with surprise is the intensity of the young Napoleon's Corsican nationality. At the date of his birth his native island had been a French possession for only two months, and it seems fairly clear that, had events in the great world fallen differently, he would have asked nothing better of fate than to let him restore its independence. Of course, his admiration for Paoli, the Corsican leader, and the ardent Republican sentiments of his extreme youth, are known to all who have read anything about Napoleon; but we fancy that few have realised that French was a completely foreign language to the boy when he went to school at Brienne, that he thoroughly detested his schoolfellows and almost everything connected with their country, and that at one moment he dreamed of service in the British Navy. It is interesting to learn that the pupils of the Paris Ecole Militaire (which Napoleon liked far better than Brienne) played football, and it should be noted, in view of certain later developments of his character, that the boy was repelled by the low moral tone of his first school. At twenty-two we find him writing in an unsuccessful prize-essay that "ambition is, like all disordered passions, a violent, unreflecting madness, which only ceases with life—a conflagration, fanned by a pitiless wind, which does not end till it has consumed everything."

It is evident that the Revolution turned Napoleon into a good Frenchman. The wrongs of Corsica would obviously be remedied when the Revolutionaries had put the affairs of the world straight. The Revolution, in fact, extinguished Nationalism: the people of Europe were all brothers, equally oppressed by monarchical institutions, and national boundaries were the creation of feudalism. Perhaps this was the only Revolution doctrine which Napoleon maintained through life, for, though prepared to make use of Polish and Irish sentiment, he soon discovered that Caesarism was the negation of national individuality. He failed because the British maintained and the Germans rediscovered their national pride; but there was something (as readers of Heine know) to be said on the other side: Napoleon was very much in earnest about good government, and a century ago local patriotism was often identified with administrative abuses.

His earliest political adventures took place, after all, in his own Corsica. Paoli returned from England when the old régime in France fell, and the island soon became a very pretty scene of turmoil. Napoleon and his family were in the thick of it; he was then an officer on leave, and he nearly forfeited his commission by overstaying that leave. Mr. Browning goes fully into the Corsican chaos, but it is not easy to understand. Apparently Napoleon, joining a body of Volunteers whose chief idea seems to have been anti-clericalism, was actually in conflict with the local government and its French regulars. He was uncommonly lucky to get out of the business without censure from the Paris authorities, but France was making ready to fight Europe, and was so racked by civil war that the vagaries of an enterprising subaltern passed unrebuted.

Mr. Browning claims, and we think with justice, that the study of these early years sets Napoleon in a more favourable light. His devotion to his family and his almost pathetic recognition of any kindness shown to him by strangers are very noteworthy. His career as a schoolboy and a cadet was entirely creditable. He remains inscrutable, but in these pages, though already an extraordinary youth, he is really human. His egoism is apparent, but it must be remembered that the penniless Corsican cadet could not find any supreme claim to self-sacrificing loyalty in any institution or personage of revolutionary France.

KING EDWARD'S WELCOME TO THE YOUNGEST EUROPEAN SOVEREIGN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKOEK.



SPANISH ADMIRAL AND ENGLISH GENERAL.—ALFONSO XIII.'S FIRST MOMENTS IN LONDON; THE ROYAL WELCOME AT VICTORIA STATION, JUNE 5.

Punctually at 4.30 the magnificent royal train of the Brighton Railway drew up at Victoria Station, and King Alfonso alighted, wearing the uniform of his new rank, that of an English General, and the Order of the Garter. King Edward, in the uniform of a Spanish Admiral (the rank recently conferred on our Monarch by the young Sovereign), at once advanced and warmly embraced his visitor, while the band struck up the Spanish National Anthem.



THE MISTRESS OF THE SEAS' WELCOME TO KING ALFONSO: THE SALUTE FROM THE FLEET AS THE ROYAL YACHT ENTERED PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT PORTSMOUTH.

The "Victoria and Albert," which conveyed the King of Spain from Cherbourg, was escorted by the cruisers "Kent," "Monmouth," "Donegal," and "Bedford," and the destroyers "Tiger" and "Recruit." At Spithead lay the imposing Channel Fleet—eleven first-class battle-ships and seven cruisers, moored in four lines just outside Portsmouth. The escorting cruisers fell into the fourth line, and the destroyers accompanied the royal yacht into harbour. The fleet and forts welcomed the Spanish Sovereign with a salute, and ships were manned and dressed. "Never," said the young King, "shall I forget this wonderful display of England's splendid naval power."

THE HEIR TO THE GERMAN EMPIRE AND HIS BRIDE, MARRIED JUNE 6.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BIEBER, BERLIN.



THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AND CROWN PRINCESS:

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM VICTOR AUGUST ERNEST OF PRUSSIA

AND THE

DUCHESS CECILIA OF MECKLENBURG-SCHWERIN.

AUGUST
PISTER

The Crown Prince was born at the Marble Palace, near Potsdam, on May 6, 1882. Like his father, he has been trained as a soldier, and he holds many honorary commands in German regiments. Up to the present time he has been kept under very strict parental control, and the Kaiser has not hesitated to visit his son with "Stubenarrest," or confinement to his room, for mere minor contraventions of his Imperial will. The Prince is extremely popular, and there are endless stories of his goodness of heart. For his sake, as well as for her own, the Duchess Cecilia has been most cordially welcomed to Berlin.

THE RUSSIAN LAND MINE BEFORE THE CAMERA: CURIOSITIES OF SMOKE AND FLAME.

SPECIAL TO THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS—COURTESY OF THE RUSSIAN NAVY



FIRE AND SPLINTERS.

The black spots are fragments of wood from the boxes containing the powder.

A STUDY IN RAYS.

Near the centre note the formation of the first smoke.

A SMALL VISUAL EFFECT FROM A GREAT CHARGE.

This apparently small explosion was in reality of a mine containing several hundredweight of gunpowder.

SMOKE AND SPLINTERS.

Many fragments spreading from the exploding mine.

COMIC CORONATION CEREMONIES IN THE FAR EAST: THE MASK OF ANCESTORS AT LUANG-PRABANG.



IN HONOUR OF THE CORONATION OF SISAVONG: THE BOU GNIEU MA GNIEU, REPRESENTING THE ANCESTORS OF THE LAOTIENS, SALUTING THE NEW KING.

The new King of Luang-Prabang, his Majesty Sisavong, is twenty years old. He was formerly a pupil of the Ecole Coloniale of Paris. One of the curious traditional ceremonies of the coronation was the salutation of the Bou Gnieu Ma Gnieu, representing the ancestors of the Laotiens. These are three in number, and they wear huge wigs and masks. Two of the masks are grotesque human faces coloured red; the third is that of a fantastic animal called "sing," which it said to be the Laotian for "lion."

WARING & GILLOW'S NEW PREMISES.

BY the removal of the greater part of the scaffolding from the front of Waring and Gillow's new premises in Oxford Street, an important example of fine street architecture is revealed to view, and the public are able to realise what a magnificent addition is being made to the decorative buildings of the Metropolis. This progressive firm has appropriately supplied in this unique and handsome erection a permanent landmark and a striking object - lesson in high artistic enterprise, and at

by the originality and individuality with which the decorative work of Waring's has been always identified.

The interior will be equally effective, and, in addition to the commercial fact that the range of departments will embody everything relating to the interior of the house, it will be demonstrated that Art is not necessarily expensive, but that fine design and sound workmanship can be associated with competitive prices. In this age of mammoth

Waring and Gillow aspire to reach the high-water mark of decorative perfection, and to develop the business in its wider sphere with the artistic quality which has hitherto been its salient feature. It is not enough nowadays to copy the old styles and reproduce the old patterns; they must be adapted to the needs of the twentieth century and to the circumstances of each particular environment. Wide experience and unequalled artistic resources have given to Waring and Gillow a pre-eminence



Architect: R. FRANK ATKINSON.

the same time has illustrated the great possibilities of commercial architecture. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there is not a purely business façade in Europe to vie with this beautiful combination of pointed brickwork and elaborately carved granite and freestone which now dominates, in commanding grandeur, the whole neighbourhood of Oxford Circus, and is a contrast even to the palatial shops for which that centre of trade is famous.

No detailed description could do proper justice to the combined dignity and grace of the rich and well-balanced ornament. The carver's art has been employed with rare and captivating effect, controlled by judicious restraint, and the general treatment of the building, while somewhat recalling the principal front of Hampton Court, is characterised

emporiums which cater for every requirement connected with a particular trade, the importance of concentrating under one roof all the varied artistic industries devoted to decoration and furnishing must be obvious.

When the new building is completed and fully stocked, it will be possible to find within its walls every accessory of domestic requirement down to the smallest detail, both practical and artistic, required in the English home, and the firm, in conjunction with the Waring-White Building Company, will be in a position to build as well as furnish houses of any size.

The same stamp of decorative distinction which has been given by the sanction of public opinion to this eminent firm will be cherished and retained in the new conditions.

which they are now about to employ to an even larger extent than heretofore in the application of a fine taste and artistic feeling to the requirements of all classes.

This will be the keynote of their greater enterprise in the new premises. They will cater for everyone; not only in the range of their departments, but in the prices of their commodities. It will be possible to obtain in their Galleries furniture for the palace and furniture for the bungalow. The tiniest flat will receive as much artistic consideration, with its less costly materials, as the West-End mansion, where money is no object. It will be strange, indeed, if anyone can discover a want in furnishing, no matter however trivial and inexpensive, which cannot be supplied out of these acres of show-rooms with their graduated wealth of possessions.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS

OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

There is one topic very prominently in evidence at the present time which I think deserves some little attention from the scientific side—more attention, at least, than it has apparently yet received. I allude to the subject of motoring. The world is divided into two main camps regarding the motor-man and his vehicle—those who are enthusiasts, and those who object to giving to these vehicles the free and unconstrained use of the roads. There is a third party who, while unwilling to condemn motoring as a sport or as a means of locomotion, naturally insist on the motorist exhibiting a fair amount of regard for the safety of his fellows on foot. The average cabman is well kept in hand, it is argued, and if it happens that a motorist, by reason of the superior locomotive powers at his command, infringes the safety and the rights of others, he should, it is contended, be severely dealt with. All of which is reasonable enough.

It appears to me that not a few motorists have literally lost their heads over their new speed-powers. Some, in truth, resemble the proverbial beggar-on-horseback, and I noted that recently an irate nobleman, infuriated by something or other which must have occurred to him, inquired of a London magistrate if he would be permitted to carry a revolver for his protection. If he missed his aim, and contrived to hit innocent passers-by, the proposed cure, it strikes one, would be worse than the disease. That which concerns the physiological side of motoring appears to me to consist of a certain, and by no means slight, danger, which is liable to cause trouble not merely to the motorist but to his fellow men.

Your engine-driver speeds at a great pace along a way prepared for him. Even then he has to keep a careful look-out for signals. Trained as he is, he is liable from some slight aberration of brain, such as may happen to any man, to make a slip, and to involve his passengers in risk of destruction. Now, place the motorist in his position. He flies along at twenty or thirty miles an hour on an ordinary road, not prepared for him, and liable to meet traffic of other kinds at any moment. One slip of his hand on the wheel, one little moment of brain-irregularity, and he is involved in a catastrophe terrible to contemplate.

This, it may be said, is the risk, and men are willing to take it, but what of other people? My argument would therefore be one for limitation of speed all round, having regard to the fallibility of the brain, strained and tense, as a very possible source of disaster. It would be interesting to hear the opinion of experts regarding the possibility of motoring developing some new form or other of nervousness or other ailment. In this connection it is instructive to note that express engine-drivers on the London and North-Western system were described by a physician as suffering from diabetes in the proportion of two to one of the general population.

We may find an excellent object-lesson in the value of our sanitary system in the case of the recent outbreak of plague at Leith. Instant and vigorous action on the part of the authorities checked the spread of the disorder. Patients were at once conveyed to hospital; those in contact with them were quarantined, cleansing methods were adopted, and the disease was snuffed out. I think it is well we should lay such a lesson to heart, and congratulate ourselves that we have an efficient system for isolating first cases of a disorder in this way. We might be able to do the same for many other diseases if only the public co-operated cheerfully, even from interested motives, with medical officers of health. What a world of misery, pain, risk of death, and expense would be saved were we as capable of dealing with plague! But in these cases infection is more subtle, and is more rapidly spread abroad.

If there is one class of animals the wonders of whose lives we never seem finally to comprehend, it is that which includes the ants. We have received wonderful additions to our knowledge of their ways year by year since the days of Huber, Forel, and other observers. It seems only the other day that I chronicled in this column the case of ants which use the caterpillars of other insects as tailors to sew together the leaves they use for dwelling-places. Now we hear of ants making flower-gardens in the tops of trees in South America. The gardens or baskets contain certain plants which are duly tended by the ants, and the insects plant the minute seeds whence the plants spring. What with keeping aphides as cows and milking them, and what with making slaves of other species of ants, and of dividing their colonies in some cases into soldiers and other castes, we seem to find in these insects prototypes of a good many items we are usually accustomed to regard as peculiar to human society.

Many of the readers of this column are deeply interested in health matters. A reader asks me to renew the agitation on behalf of the prevention of blindness acquired in infancy through want of attention to the eyes of children at and after birth. I gladly do so, and I know that the Gardner's Trust for the Blind, London, issue gratuitously leaflets for the instruction of mothers and nurses in this particular. Thirty per cent. of blind people in asylums may be regarded as having had their sight destroyed in this way. The catastrophe can be easily prevented, hence the desirability of the saving knowledge being diffused amongst the masses.

A good deal has recently been heard of the researches of Mendel on plants, such investigations having important bearings on questions of heredity. Readers interested in such matters will therefore welcome a little book on "Mendelism," by Mr. R. Punnett, published by Macmillan. It gives a very concise view of Mendelism and its influence on the whole subject of inheritance.

CHESSE
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

BEST INDIAN (Selkirk, Manitoba).—Your solution of No. 3181 is quite correct, although your method of conveying it is rather complicated. You would save yourself enormous trouble by learning the proper notation.

P. DALY (Bington).—Your problem appears to be sound, and shall appear.

G. J. HICKS (Highbury).—We are pleased to hear from you again, but 1. Q to B and 2. Q to K seems a true bill against your new problem. As for the other, we must ask your pardon; we cannot recall any trace of it.

FRED THOMPSON (Derby).—We are inclined to think you are about the last of the godly fellowship of which you speak, with the exception of F. Healey, who is still with us. Thanks for problem.

B. BODDIE MAHON (Hastings).—We cannot undertake the teaching of elementary chess in this column; when you know a little more about it, perhaps your manners may improve as well.

J. W. HAYNES.—Thanks for problem.

P. H. WILLIAMS.—We are sorry we have no space for the adoption of what you suggest. Problem acceptable, as usual.

J. PAUL TAYLOR.—We have little doubt your problem will prove satisfactory. We can give no answer on the other matter.

J. J. MORTON (Hamilton, Ontario).—We shall be most pleased for you to submit any contribution we print to the local chess club or the greatest chess club in the world, and we will make the ampiest apology when we are found to be wrong. You may at least believe we know what we are talking about.

W. HUNTER.—Your problems were always attractive to our solvers, and we have little doubt the last will prove an reception.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3181 received from J. J. Morton (Hamilton, Ontario) and F. L. Quisenberry (Chicago). From C. Field (Athol, Mass.) and G. Devee Farmer, M.D. (Avalon, Ontario). Of Nov. 31st from Fidelitas, G. Brown, and R. G. S. of No. 3180 from T. Curran, Albert Wolf (Putney), T. Charlton, David Weir, Frank Gowing (Bruce Grove), H. A. S. (Stockwell), A. W. Hamilton, Gell (Exeter), H. Carossa, H. J. Mantel (Leipsic), J. D. Tucker, Fidelitas, F. Smart, and J. Thorley.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NO. 3182 received from Joseph Cook (North Bedf ord Hall, The Clerks' Exchange Chess Rooms (Leytonstone), E. G. Rodway, F. Smart, Edith Corse (Reigate), T. Roberts (Hackney), Joseph Wilcock (Shrewsbury), Rev. A. May (Bedford), Alfred Allen (Lancaster), J. P. Tucker (Ilkley), Shadforth, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Dr. J. H. Hart (London), Mr. G. H. (London), J. A. S. Hanbury (Moseley), Horward, J. W. Harper (Winchester), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Café Glacier (Marseilles), F. A. Hancock (Bristol), W. Hopkinson (Derby), F. Henderson (Leeds), and H. F. Pratt.

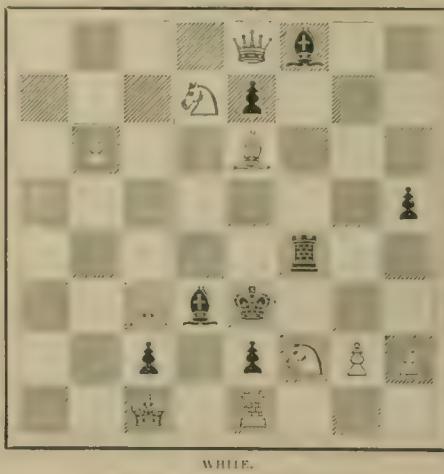
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3180.—By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS.

WHITE
1. R to Q 6th
2. Mate.

BLACK
Any move

PROBLEM NO. 3180.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in the Hamburg Tournament between Messrs. BARDELEHEN and LEONHARDT.
(Ruby Loops.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 5th	P to K 6th	1. Rooks for the advance Queen, as he evidently miscalculated the effects. R to K 2nd, or even R takes R (ch) was preferable.	
2. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 3rd	2. Kt to K 3rd	R takes R (ch)
3. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd	3. Kt to K 2nd	Kt takes R (ch)
4. Castles	Kt takes P	3. It takes Q P	B to K 1th (ch)
5. R to K sq	Kt to Q 3rd	This is probably the continuation overlooked by White. It clears off everything but the Queen and Rooks for the final attack.	
6. Kt takes P	K to B 2nd	4. Q to K 1th	
7. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	5. Q to K 1th (ch)	
8. K to B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	6. Q to K 1th	
9. R to K 3rd	K to K 2nd	7. K takes B	Kt takes R
10. R to K 2nd	K to K 3rd	8. Q to K 1th (ch)	R to Q sq
11. R to K 3rd	K to K 2nd	9. Q to K 1th (ch)	R takes P
12. P to Q K 3rd	P to K 3rd	10. Q to K 1th (ch)	K to R 7th
13. P to Q R 4th	P to Q 3rd	11. Q to K 1th (ch)	K takes B (ch)
The purpose of this move is not easy to determine. The preceding notes suggests that B to Kt was contemplated.			
14. B to K 3rd	Q to Q 2nd	12. K to K 1th	K to R 7th
15. B to K 3rd	Q to Q 3rd	13. K to K 1th	R to O 6th (ch)
16. P to K 2nd	P to K 3rd	14. K to B 4th	P to K 4th (ch)
17. Kt to K 4th	B to Q 4th	15. K takes P	K to R 7th
Some innovation plays now follow. White has an apparent advantage with his double Rooks against which must be set the evident dissipation of Black's minor forces.			
18. P to B 4th	B takes Kt	16. Q to B 4th	K takes R
19. Kt takes Kt	K to B 3rd	17. R to K 2nd	R to K 7th (ch)
20. R to K 7th	K to K 2nd	18. K to K 1th	P to K 3rd (ch)
21. Kt takes Q		19. Q to B 3rd	White resigns.
He is under no compulsion to exchange.			

The Grand Master by Dr. Kordal, The Modern Supplement to the American Chess Bulletin is the latest of the variations of the Kieseritzky gambit, which has so much interested the Chess World in recent years. The book is embellished with portraits of all sorts of masters and grand masters, and every opinion may be held about the value of the gambit, but there can be no question as to the vigour of the defense.

—
Walking straight into the threatened mate, Q to R 2nd and R to K 2nd, however, only prolonging the agony.

37. K to K 1th R to K 7th (ch)

38. K to K 1th P to K 3rd (ch)

He is under no compulsion to exchange.

White resigns.

THE CRY FOR PEACE.

The long-drawn-out tragedy of the Far East has several acts to show before the curtain falls, but the spectators can hardly endure the horror of it, and are crying out for a speedy end. Can the Little Father of the Peace Conference continue to ignore the world's appeal? This is a question that concerns us all.

There are times when world-politics must bow to the sentiment of humanity, and now the Powers that have most to gain by the crippling of Russia stand appalled by the callous indifference of the St. Petersburg reactionaries who are content to cast thousands upon thousands of men into the Manchurian furnace. Liao- yang is forgotten, Port Arthur and Mukden have ceased to matter, the carnage of the Tsushima Straits is ignored, and we are assured that the disaster awaiting brave old General Linievitch is already discounted. The position of the Tsar and his advisers is similar to that of the trainer who, having sent a prize-fighter to the ring, encourages him to keep on when he is hopelessly broken and outclassed. Europe has strong nerves, the tragedy of the Russo-Japanese War is many thousands of miles away, but every country we reckon with joins in the cry that should reach even the recesses of Tsarskoe Selo. There is something monstrous, something wholly subversive of monarchy, in the thought that the foolish pride of man, aided by the fears of a few unworthies in high places, can maintain a condition of things against which civilisation cries aloud.

Many European Powers must needs welcome the crippling of Russia. Abdul Hamid sits more safely on his uneasy throne when he reflects that the news of the failure of the unloved Infidel is known to every True Believer from Salonica to Nippon itself. Austria sees a powerful factor removed from active interference in Balkan affairs. Germany may cease to maintain a huge army in the Polish provinces; the eight or nine hundred miles of boundary that marches with Russia's need give her little anxiety now. Sweden can look out in perfect security across the Baltic Sea. It is hardly against her Eastern neighbour that she completes the fortifications of Karlskrona and Gotland.

Poles, Finns, and other races that have been eaten but not digested by the Russian Colossus may look for some measure of relief from a tyranny that has become well-nigh unsupportable. And yet, if a plebiscite could be taken among the intelligent people of these countries, there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of peace. One and all realise how little the makers of the war have done to bear the heat and burden of it.

Here in Great Britain the desire for peace is universal, and has its roots deep down in the humanitarian instincts of the nation. Politically, the break-up of the Russian power has been of greatest possible benefit to us. Two of three years ago the Russian fleet was a menace to the first magnitude. In conjunction with other possible enemies it might have beaten the entire continent. With the domination of Manchuria, the danger to India was never than it had ever been. An unbeaten Kropotkin, intent for many years upon an advance to the Indian Ocean, might have led an army flushed with victory into the heart of our far-off Empire. Lord Kitchener has pointed out our comparatively defenceless position there. We had no more than four divisions to defend less than half a million square miles of territory. Seven thousand faced Russian intrigues with the Dalai Lama, on the one hand, and Afghanistan's Amir on the other, while Persia was passing rapidly into the commercial and political grip of our ally, and our supremacy in the Gulf was questioned. British diplomacy was fettered by the South African campaign and the interests in this country of a large party whose whereabouts was never at any point.

Even to-day, when Russia has ceased to exist on the high seas, when the inviolability of the Dardanelles passage means so much more to her than to us, and her Baltic coast lies open to any invader, her military power remains immensely superior to ours, and the political advantages of Britain in Mesopotamia are too great to be overlooked. To need its勃勃. But the British public has no eye for politics just now: it sees no more than the terrible and wanton sacrifice of human life, the immeasurable misery for which the Tsar and his advisers must ultimately answer; and it joins with France, Russia's friend and ally, and with the United States in a fervent appeal to the man who promised to give peace to all the world to put a period to the bloodiest campaign that civilisation has seen.

We do not ignore the immense sacrifice that peace demands from Tsardom. A rule that is founded upon despotism and maintained by tyranny reveals all its weakness at a time like this. In Asia, where prestige counts for so much, the laborious and often unspeakable work of several decades is lost; at home the collapse of brute-force will permit many strange voices that sound harsh in the ears of despotism to be heard from the Tundras to the Crimea. But, after all, this is the price of success, and success, in return, is the price of despotism. The Tsar must meet his obligations. Had he succeeded, Russia would have absorbed the whole of it in the course of another generation. Now he has made his Sedan of Turkestan, and his Irkutsk and Amur, and his vast possessions in Central Asia, and his dominions of the greater part of Asia, and might have absorbed the whole of it in the course of another generation. Now he has made his Sedan of Turkestan, and his Irkutsk and Amur, and his vast possessions in Central Asia, and his dominions of the greater part of Asia, and might have absorbed the whole of it in the course of another generation. Now he has made his Sedan of Turkestan, and his Irkutsk and Amur, and his vast possessions in Central Asia, and his dominions of the greater part of Asia, and might have absorbed the whole of it in the course of another generation.

It may be that the smallness of the Peace Conference was an act of wisdom; it is certain that the great and right thing is not to go on still, but to create a new Conference, which will be shown when Nicholas II. and Alfonso XIII. overrunning despotism that has existed in the Russian arms, and causes to maintain the fiction of war at an appalling sacrifice,

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'HOW NOBLE IN REASON! how infinite in faculty! in apprehension, how like a God!'

'Nature listening whilst Shakespeare played, and wondered at the work herself had made.'—CHURCHILL.

HIS MIND WAS THE HORIZON BEYOND WHICH AT PRESENT WE CANNOT SEE.

—EMERSON.

SHAKESPEARE,

THE SAGE AND SEER OF THE HUMAN HEART.

FORGIVENESS IS NOBLER THAN REVENGE. 'He taught the Divineness of Forgiveness, Perpetual Mercy, Constant Patience, Endless Peace, Perpetual Gentleness. If you can show me one who knew things better than this man, show HIM! I know him not! If he had appeared as a Divine they would have Burned Him; as a Politician, they would have Beheaded Him; but Destiny made him a Player.'—THE REV. GEORGE DAWSON, M.A.

'I find no human soul so beautiful these fifteen hundred years!' —AENEAS.

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'HE WAS THE MASTER OF THE REVELS TO MANKIND.'



From a Painting by P. F. Poole, R.A. CYMBELINE, Act 3, Scene 6.

On the character of Imogen, who is here pictured disguised as a boy offering payment for food found in the cave of Belarius, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius; she is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood. Imogen: 'Good Masters, harm me not. . . . Here's money for my meat.' Guiderius: 'Money, youth?' Arviragus: 'All gold and silver rather turn to dirt, as 'tis no better reckoned, but of those who worship dirty Gods!'

'It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women. . . . but Imogen has always occupied the largest place in my heart.'—HELEN FAUCIT.

IF YOU HAVE LOST SYMPATHY YOU ARE EXILED FROM LIGHT!

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O BLESSED HEALTH! HE WHO HAS THEE HAS LITTLE MORE TO WISH FOR! THOU ART ABOVE GOLD AND TREASURE!

"'Tis thou who enlargest the soul and open'st all its powers to receive instruction and to relish virtue. He who has thee has little more to wish for, and he that is so wretched as to want thee, wants everything with thee."—STERNE.

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LADIES' PAGES.

A new diversion has been added to the middle-class Londoners' annual list. It is one that used to be enjoyed formerly, but under conditions so diverse from the present ones as to make it now practically a new thing. It consists in going into the Mall to see the Ladies in their carriages waiting to get into the Drawing-Room at Buckingham Palace. Some time ago, when the question of holding the Courts in the evening was under discussion, a friend, who had frequently attended the Dublin Drawing-Rooms, which have always been held at night, told me that it was a perfectly dreadful experience to sit for a couple of hours in the carriage in full dress with a continual succession of faces peering in critically at you through the window. But the London crowd is not quite the same as an Irish one. The same friend went to Buckingham Palace last week, when the calculation is that there were at least fifty thousand people in the Park, and she says that she no longer dreads the ordeal so far as London is concerned. The crowd in the Mall, she says, is chiefly composed of "nice-looking and well-mannered women," who do their staring gently and admiringly.

The gowns were very beautiful at the recent Courts. The royal circle was large, and the group of young Princesses, all dressed in white and silver, was much admired. The Queen was robed in black net embroidered richly in Indian work in gold and silver, with a rich lace and gold-embroidered underdress, the whole blazing with diamond ornaments. A novel effect was produced on many of the dresses by bugle embroidery. Those long narrow beads have a peculiar attractiveness, glistening and glimmering in a special fashion, quite different from other beads. The Countess of Morton's Court-gown of white satin was draped with net, covered with a design worked in cream-coloured bugles, pearls, gold and silver, all mingled in a very artistic fashion; while on the train iridescent opal paillettes were added. Lady Coddington had her soft grey satin gown embroidered with bugles, black-and-white paillettes, and diamanté, the combined effect of all which was lovely; the train corresponded. Lady Petrie's dress reminded the onlooker of a spring woodland: the train was taffeta in the delicate green of the primrose leaf, and the dress of primrose-hued satin; the dress was fully draped with old lace, which was touched with silver embroidery, and the train was richly embroidered with green bugles and silver and diamanté. Lady Evelyn Farquhar, presented on her marriage, wore her lovely wedding-dress of white satin, made in Empire style, and embroidered in a design of pomegranate blossom and fruit with pearls and diamonds. The train, added for the Court, was all covered by fine old Brussels lace and trimmed with branches of white lilac.



A GRACEFUL EMBROIDERED GOWN.

This is a pretty little dress in embroidered muslin trimmed with Broderie Anglaise. The fitted corsage is held down under a belt of coloured satin. The hat is of embroidered muslin to match.

A charming gown was of white lace trimmed to the waist with several flounces of white point d'Alençon, through which a fine line of cherry-red velvet ribbon was threaded and tied up into raised knots at frequent intervals; deep-red roses held this decorated lace on the skirt at either side. A panel of lace passed down the front of the corsage, and at the bosom the ribbon insertion and roses were repeated; the train was of the same fine old lace lined with cherry-coloured satin and trimmed with great branches of roses, and at the shoulders it fell from under a deep cape of lace having the threaded ribbon inserted. A débâtaniste's gown in white mouseline de soie was trimmed with flounces of petals cut out in white silk and bouillonné, forming a series of curved lines both all round the skirt and on the white satin train, which was finished with white ostrich feathers at the corners. The corsage was similarly treated, and relieved by painted mouseline round the décolletage, with roses of a delicate pink. Pastel blue was a favourite colour, as it lights up well, and embroideries in silver seemed to be naturally associated with that colour. Black is also extremely effective under the brilliant lights, and very graceful was the effect of Lady Reckitt's dress of black accordion-pleated point d'esprit, inserted with long lines, from waist to hem, of jet embroidery on lace; long stole ends of the same embroidered lace fell from the corsage, which was set into a deep embroidered belt. The train was of black velvet, lined with white. "Magpie" colouring was that of Lady Birkbeck's dress; white chiffon supported flounces of fine old lace, with bands of black velvet as trimming, and the train of black velvet was trimmed with white lace and lined with white satin. Black satin heavily embroidered in the newest fashion with gold bullion threads, after the manner of Japanese stitching, made a handsome train, and the underdress of white chiffon over gold tissue, and trimming of purple orchids, completed a fine effect.

Of course, the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's daughter being fixed for so early a date prevented the royal parents from carrying out their original intention to go to the marriage of the German Crown Prince. The representatives at Berlin of the English royal family were the Duchess of Albany and the young Prince Arthur of Connaught, who has already several times been honoured by the King's sending him as his Majesty's representative to foreign Court functions. It is not only because Prince Arthur is himself a very pleasant-mannered and popular young Prince that he is so frequently sent on these occasions, but because he is actually the only nephew available for such missions that the King can call upon. It is rather strange that Queen Victoria's four sons have now left living but three of their sons, including the Prince of Wales. The Duke of Albany, by reason of his sovereign position in Germany as Duke of Saxe-Coburg, of course

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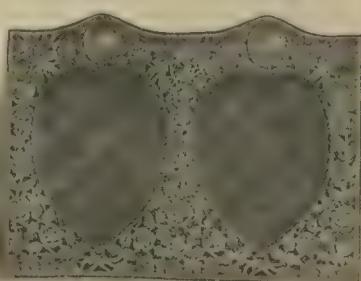
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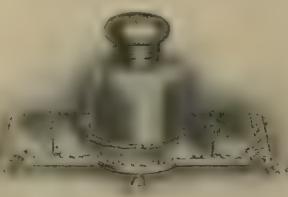
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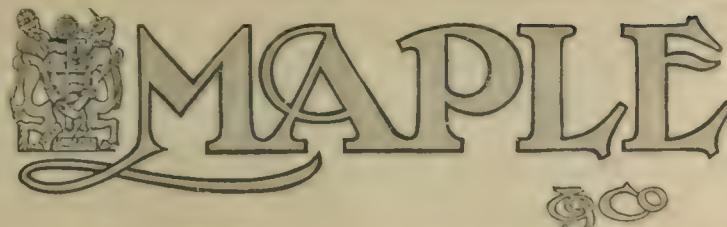
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cannot ever be asked to represent the King of England; and there is no other son to a brother of the King living except Prince Arthur of Connaught. Even on his Majesty's sisters' side there will be only the sons of Princess Beatrice counted as English Princes (and they are not yet old enough to take part in affairs); for Princess Christian's one surviving son elected to enter the German Army some years ago, when it appeared probable that he might succeed in time to his father's rights to a Grand Ducal throne; and the sons of the late Empress Frederick and the Grand Duchess of Hesse, the King's other sisters, are necessarily German, not English, Princes. Hence Prince Arthur of Connaught holds a unique position at our Court.

French, of course, is not only the language of diplomacy, but also that of cultured people, or, rather, of Society, all the world over. It is nothing to comment upon, as I see some of the papers are doing, that the King of Spain speaks perfect French. All Spaniards of high rank, like the Russians, use French to converse with themselves, and to write their letters to the absent members of their families, far more than they do their native tongue. A young Spanish nobleman whom I knew used to show me his parents' letters, and they were invariably written in French; and he told me that the same tongue was used in conversation at table to prevent the servants hearing everything. But I shall be surprised if the King does not also know enough English to speak to us in our native tongue, too. For the fact is, that if great attention be given to languages in early life, it is not difficult for children to learn to speak several at once, and royal children are always supplied with nurses, governesses, and tutors, or valets, who will talk to them and help them on in a variety of tongues, while they are still in the school-room. It is felt, and truly so, that to address a visitor in his own language is a graceful politeness on the part of a crowned head, and, as a rule, royal pageants can speak several tongues. English nurses are very usually engaged in the European royal families, so that the baby princelets may commence in their very cradles their education in our tongue, which foreigners concur in declaring to be the most difficult of all to learn; and most royal persons can speak it more or less well. A friend of mine had an interview with the young King of Spain's mother, and told me that Queen Christina immediately spoke to her in English, and used it fluently all through the interview. When Mr. Stuart Cumberland, the thought-reader, gave an entertainment at the Danish Court, where there were present the crowned heads of four different nations and scions of even more royal houses, the Tsar privately asked the entertainer if he felt quite at home in French, for if not, added the monarch kindly. "We can all understand English." What a pity we cannot all have the same advantages in our early years in regard to learning languages!

Broadway—At the close of the old, discovery of the season in dry docks, as bright trimming is the novelty



A USEFUL DRESS.

A smart enough for walking in the park or visiting is this new summer frock in a navy-blue check material, trimmed with bands of white and finished at the throat with a remise of tucked fancy muslin.

of evening gowns' decoration; and, needless to remark, they are both really as old as the hills, and are merely new in the sense of revival. The sleeves being short to the elbow or puffed at the top, and the closer fitting of the bodices in the form of deep belts or actual shaped waists, however, give a decided air of novelty to the new gowns. The fete-gowns in Broderie Anglaise have the most up-to-date look, but there are quantities of charming printed muslins, some that look as if they were hand-painted, and others more redolent of the sweet simplicity of the shepherdess affectation of the Louis Seize days, all of which are supremely becoming to the young. Then there are lace frocks that are charming for the better occasions. Several for Ascot have been shown to me, and Irish crochet also has been well purchased for the same smart event. A delightful confection was all flounce round the feet and gatherings near the hips in fine white India muslin, the flounces decorated with edgings of Valenciennes lace, and embroidered with tiny blue satin ribbon in a wavy pattern running all over the flounces; the lining was blue, and there were added on the upper portion of the skirt and on the corsage motifs of pale-blue chiffon-like raised flowers with dangling fuchsia-shaped ends, their stamens made in the blue ribbon. Taffetas is, however, the material in which the smartest gowns are built. A very fine gown is made in rust-colour and green shot taffetas. It has a few wide pleats at either side of the front, so as to leave a flat tablier; round the bottom, rising higher at the back than the front, is a deep flounce of Irish crochet dyed to the same deep reddish pink as the prevailing colour of the silk, and laid over a froth of frills of crisp mouseline in the contrasting green tint. The tablier and the plain front of the well-fitted corsage are trimmed with a ladder of little bows in black velvet; Irish crochet forms the rest of the swathed bodice, with a tiny vest at the throat of green mouseline; deep cuffs are of crochet, and full tops to the sleeves of taffetas trimmed up with a ladder of black velvet bows. White will be greatly patronised for the rest of the summer.

As the hot weather comes on, some changes in the diet are usually felt to be necessary, and one that will relieve the nervous and irritable feelings that many of us suffer from in heat is to substitute in the morning meal cocoa for tea. A good and easily digested form of this nourishing and not too nerve-stimulating beverage is the well-known "Van Houten's Cocoa," which is so well prepared that it is supporting and tonifying at the same time that it is light and digestible. A smaller quantity of it suffices than ordinary, as it is quite soluble; the flavour is very agreeable; and it is a nourishing beverage nearly approaching fresh milk in constituents, but far more digestible.

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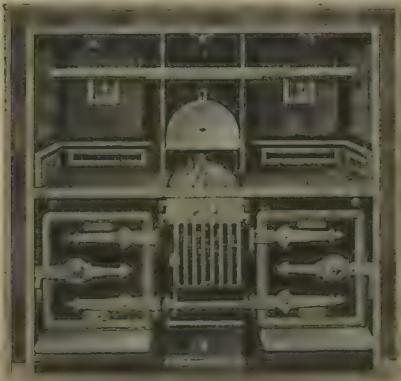


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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A congregation numbering 10,000 persons was present at St. Paul's Cathedral last week at the annual service on behalf of Foreign Missions. Six Bishops occupied seats in the choir stalls, besides Archdeacons Sinclair, Canon Scott Holland, and Archdeacon Taylor. An earnest and eloquent sermon was preached by the Bishop of London, who took for his subject "The Duty of Prayer for the Missionary Cause."

By a curious arrangement, the Soudan has now been placed within the diocese of Jerusalem and has been created an archdeaconry of that diocese. The Bishop of Jerusalem has appointed as the first Archdeacon the Rev. Llewellyn Henry Gwynne, who has resided at Khartoum since he arrived there soon after the battle of Omdurman on behalf of the Church Missionary Society.

Colonel Frank Rhodes, of Dalham Hall, has signified his intention of restoring Dalham Parish Church as a local memorial of his late brother, Mr. Cecil Rhodes.

The Rev. Bernard R. Wilson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Portsea, and formerly Head of Oxford House, Bethnal Green, has been appointed Rural Dean of Portsmouth, in succession to Canon Blake. The appointment was made by the Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop Hamilton Baynes, who recently preached at the camp of the South Notts Hussars, has a wide experience of soldiers and soldiering. He possesses a decoration for services rendered in the South African Campaign, and his plain, manly utterances

are always appreciated by the troops. In St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, of which Bishop Baynes is Vicar, a tablet has been erected to the memory of those who fell in the Boer War.

The Rev. Albert Baines, Senior Curate of All Saints' Church, Sheffield, has been appointed to the living of St. George's Church, Newcastle, Staffordshire. Mr. Baines succeeded the Rev. Frank Swainson as leader of the famous men's Bible class connected with All Saints' Church. The Vicar of this church is the Rev. C. F. Knight.

The Bishop of St. David's has asked for special prayer in connection with the revival movement. "We have reason," he says, "to be thankful to Almighty God that the Church in this diocese has not been left without participating in the blessing which He has given our country in a revival of religion." V.

In the Scottish reliability trials for touring cars, Mr. J. S. Napier, driving a 12 h.p. Arrol-Johnstone car, won the Glasgow Cup for lowest petrol consumption. This car ran 43·8 miles per gallon; the next best car only winning 35·37. The principal cause of this wonderful running is the fact that the Arrol-Johnstone cars are fitted with a most efficient form of transmission, as much as from 66 to 70 per cent. of the engine power being transmitted to the road-wheels. The car is not fitted with any so-called automatic carburettor; but has a special throttle-valve which leads to great economy in the running of the engine.



IN THE GARB OF THEIR CONQUERORS: RUSSIAN OFFICERS IN THEIR GARDEN PRISON AT MATSUYAMA.

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The Russian prisoners at Matsuyama are making the best of their bondage, and some of them have even adopted the kimono. But for the presence of the armed guard, the officers might be enjoying a picnic.

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CARS

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE.

JAPAN.

French naval experts of the fleet which are now to be found in Japan. Admiral Togo's own report of his fleet's arrival states that an accurate account of what took place in the Straits of Tsushima, and to estimate within a little the causes which led to the annihilation of the Russian fleet. If we may accept the story of the Council of War which was held on May 26, Admiral Rozhestvensky believed that the Straits were held by only a small force of cruisers, and he hoped to make a triumphal entry into Vladivostok, and possibly to bear the news of the destruction of part of the enemy's forces. As if in confirmation of his idea, at 1.30 p.m. on the 27th was the appearance of a Japanese cruiser steaming up from the south, or in the same direction as the Russian Fleet. The fleet was formed in three lines, apparently not a battle formation at all, the larger vessels and some of the cruisers being in one line, the auxiliary vessels and destroyers in the centre, and the light cruisers in the third. This was probably, in description; but a Japanese account, which is of the disposition later on, puts the battle-line in one line, the older vessels in the centre, and the light cruisers and auxiliaries in the third. Japanese and Russian accounts differ also as to whether the battle-squadron was in the port or the starboard column. From early morning until late in the afternoon the Russian fleet was engaged in hunting Japanese scouts, and it was not until the evening later that the Japanese main fleet was sighted.

Togo, who appears to have closely studied the tactics prescribed in Nelson's famous memorandum issued in 1803, had divided his force into three squadrons, further subdivided into groups, each squadron and group being commanded by a flag officer. The principles which governed his operations appear to have been as follows. First, a division of the Fleet must be sent to cover the remaining squadrons, acting in line ahead but under their divisional commanders. Secondly, the use of a strong division to attack a part of the enemy's line while the other divisions threatened the remainder or supported the attack, as opportunity or need demanded. Thirdly, the concealment of the real point

of attack by feints or masked movements. If Rozhestvensky has studied Villeneuve's letters and instructions, he might, with that ill-fated Admiral, have recognised the probable tactics of his opponent. The Frenchman wrote: "They will try to envelop our rear, to break



A HUNTING TROPHY.

This trophy was presented to the Right Hon. Sir George Trevelyan, South East Poldell, by the Royal Society for the Preservation of Badger Hunting.

our line, and to throw upon those of our ships that they cut off groups of their own to surround and crush them." But Rozhestvensky, no more than Villeneuve, was able to prepare for and meet such an attack. He could do little more than keep straight on, even when

he saw the third division of the enemy ordered to perform the enveloping movement and crush his weaker line. Meanwhile Togo, with his battle-ships and six armoured cruisers in the first division, followed by the second, steered for the head of the Russian column, concentrating the fire of the ships upon the principal vessels and particularly those flying the Admirals' flags. When, too, he had got to the end of the line, Togo appears to have repeated a manoeuvre which he had already practised in the battle of Aug. 10, and reversed his line, repassing the enemy's ships and again pouring in a concentrated fire at long range. The object of the concentration of force was the destruction of the organisation of the enemy, followed by the "pell-mell battle" of which Nelson spoke to Keats when he described how, by the independent action of groups, he intended that the enemy should be crushed.

The real battle practically lasted only three hours, from half-past two to half-past five, and in that time the straight shooting of the Japanese gunners had not only destroyed the fighting efficiency of the principal ships of the enemy, but had broken up their organisation, and left the fleet a scattered rabble open to attack by torpedo craft. So demoralised were the Russian gunners that it had become easy then for the Japanese destroyers to go in and finish off the beaten enemy. True, during the night the attack of the torpedo-boats completed the débâcle, thus reducing the number of prizes which fell to the victors on the following day.

The 1905 issue of *Printers' Pie*, the annual founded by Mr. W. Hugh Spottiswoode, with the assistance of Mr. Arthur Croxton, is devised to benefit the funds of the Printers' Pension, Almshouse, and Orphan Asylum Corporation, whose President this year is Mr. C. Arthur Pearson. The collection contains contributions from the Duke of Argyll, W. L. Alden, F. Anstey, G. B. Burgin, Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham-Davis, General French, Tom Gallon, C. L. Graves, J. K. Jerome, E. V. Lucas, H. W. Lucy, Barry Pain, Major-General Baden-Powell, C. Arthur Pearson, and many others. A contribution will be made from the proceeds to the funds of the Booksellers' Provident Institution and the News-vendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution.

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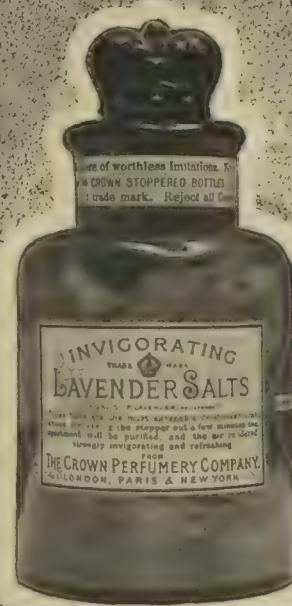
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because it is unaffected by light,
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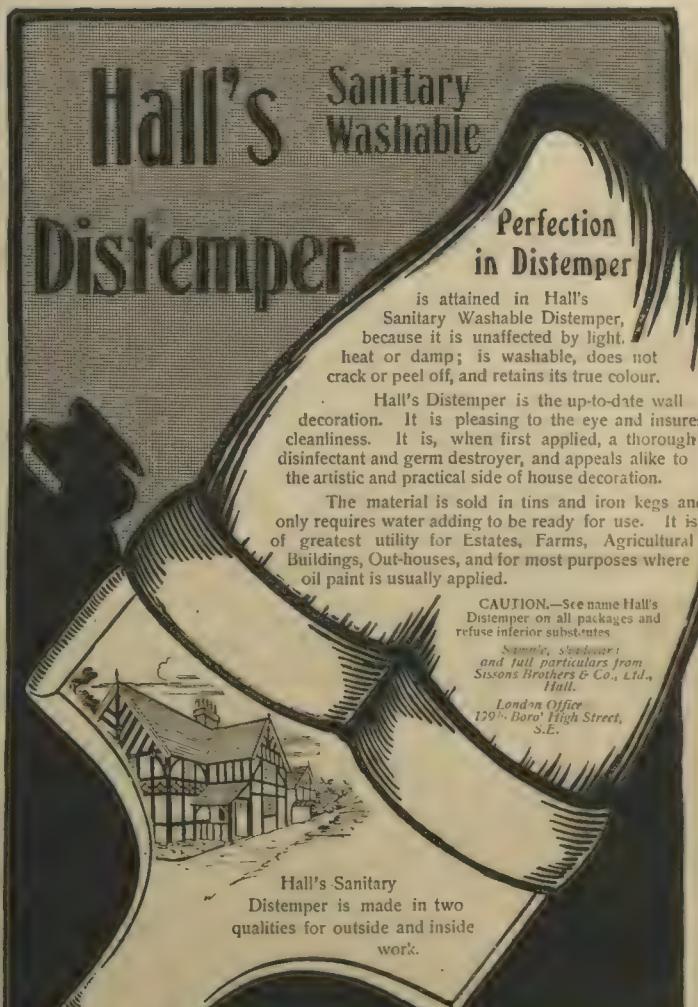
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A CUP FOR ETON COLLEGE.

Sir J. C. Dimsdale, the first known Etonian Lord Mayor, has presented to his old school a cup as a memento of his memorable year of office at the Mansion House during the Coronation year, 1902. It is a standing cup and cover, richly gilt, and is designed in the Gothic style to harmonise in its spirit and details with the architecture of Eton College and Chapel. Three smaller cups and covers, exact copies of the large one, have been executed with the same exquisite workmanship. One is for Lady Dimsdale, the others for Sir J. C. Bell and Sir Horace B. Marshall, in memory of their Shrievalty.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated May 4, 1905), with two codicils, of the HON. AMIAS LUCIEN ORDE-POWELET, of Leyburn, York, who died on May 6, was proved on May 29 by the Hon. William George Algar Orde-Powlett and Frederick Adrian Cathcart, the value of the estate being £41,073. The testator gives £100 each to his executors; £25 per annum each to the organists for the time being of Wensley and Leyburn churches; his German Handel and Bach Societies' music to Charles Herbert Kitson; other organ music to Wensley and Leyburn churches; £50 to the Rector of Wensley for church purposes; £100 to Mrs. Cathcart, and legacies to servants. The income from the residue of his property is to be paid to his brother, Robert William, for life, and on his decease the capital divided among his nephews and nieces, except his nephew Henry George.

The will (dated April 29, 1902) of MR. ALFRED SAVILL, of Chigwell Hall, Chigwell, and of 39, New Broad Street, E.C., who died on March 24, has been proved by Alfred Savill,



A REPLICA OF A NEW ETON CUP.

Arthur Edward Savill, and Robert Cecil Savill, the sons, the value of the estate amounting to £149,812. The testator gives his share and interest in the premises, 34, Leadenhall Street, 14, Billiter Street, and 7, Water Lane, in trust, for his son Robert Cecil; £11,000, in trust, for his daughter Eleanor Mills; £20,000, in trust, for each of his sons Alfred, Arthur, Henry Norman, and Edwin; £14,000, in trust, for each of his daughters Florence and Edith Lucy; £12,400, in trust, for his daughter Mary H. Wilton; and legacies to clerks and servants. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he left, in trust, for twenty-one years, and subject thereto he settles the same on his grandson Edwin Lydall Savill.

The will (dated July 27, 1898) of MR. RICHARD GORRINGE, of Tray's Hill Hall, Hornsey Lane, and of Messrs. Gorringe and Co., Brewery Road, Islington, varnish-manufacturers, who died on April 9, was proved on May 27 by Charles Richard Gorringe, the son, and Arthur Thomas Walmsley, the value of the estate being £120,026. The testator gives £200 to Robert Trigg; £300 to Mary Ann Malstead; £400 to Alfred Gorringe; £300 each to Florry Gorringe and Kirk Gorringe; £200 and £50 per annum to his son Richard Pown; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his children, except his son Richard Pown.

The will (dated Jan. 5, 1902), with a codicil, of MR. RICHARD MOSS, of Fernhill, Hawley, Blackwater, late M.P. for Winchester, and head of the Winchester Brewery Company, who died on March 2, was proved on May 27 by John Snow Moss and Arthur Edmund Moss, the sons, Andrew Cunningham, and Richard William Tootell, the value of the estate being £72,205. The testator gives 223 preference shares of £100 each, in trust, for his wife for life, and then as to 90 thereof to his son Arthur Edmund; 53, in trust, for his son John

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EYES SORE AND INFLAMED AND EYELASHES FELL OUT. SPEEDILY CURED BY CUTICURA.

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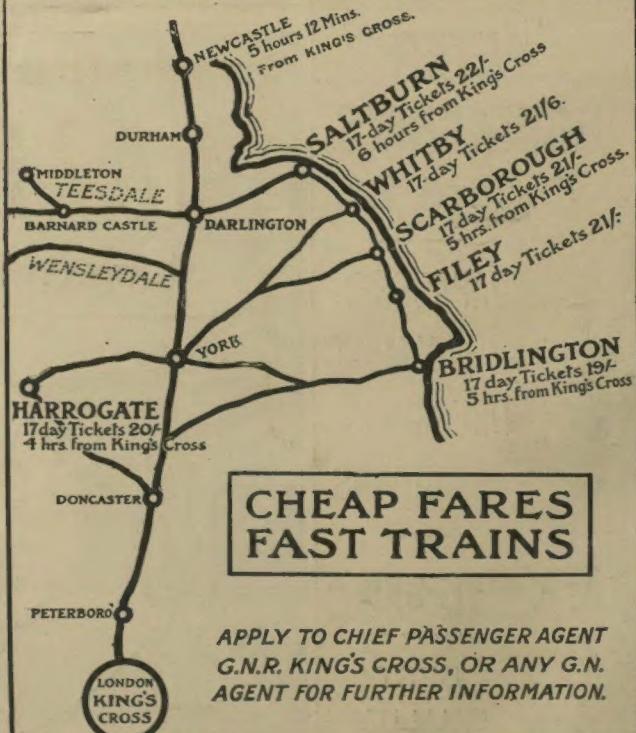
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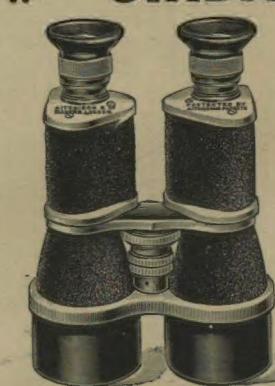
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ARE there not thousands to-day toiling on bravely against sickness and depression? Through confinement indoors, hard work, lack of fresh air, and the debilitating effect of the weather the system becomes "run down." This results in impaired digestion, stomach troubles, headache, biliousness, and loss of appetite, with perhaps vomiting and sensations of listlessness. "Run-down" women expose their systems to most dangerous consequences, even to complete prostration and nervous debility. To arrest and cure this "jaded" condition, the system must be "re-toned." The surest specific for this purpose is Bile Beans. Being purely vegetable they assist assimilation and digestion, thus restoring the natural vigour, and the "jaded" feeling disappears.

"I became thin, weak, and jaded through indigestion and biliousness," says Mrs. Rose Broad, of 10, Alfred's Place, Ickneild Street, Birmingham, to a *Telegram* reporter, "which increased in severity. Added to these were ceaseless excruciating headaches. I grew very nervous. No food would stay on my stomach, vomiting commencing immediately after every meal. A medical man said my ailment was nervous debility.

"Attendance at the Dispensary, the Queen's Hospital, the Homœopathic Hospital, and doctors' medicines all proved useless. In fact I grew worse. I was so 'jaded' that I frequently swooned and fell. After an attack I was in bed for a fortnight, and when I got about again I found myself always in danger of the fits, which reduced me to a state of nervous collapse.

"I feared that I should be a helpless invalid for the rest of my days when Bile Beans were brought to my notice. My daughter persuaded me to try them, and after taking a box I obtained considerable relief; then I commenced a course, and gradually, but surely, my condition improved. The pains in my head ceased, and the fainting fits disappeared. I rapidly grew stronger, and had a good appetite. After a thorough course of Bile Beans my cure was complete."

BILE BEANS FOR BILIOUSNESS cure Headache, Constipation, Piles, Pimples, Summer Fag, Debility, Lassitude, "That Tired Feeling," Liver Troubles, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Palpitation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Dizziness, Buzzing in the Head, Debility, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Anaemia, and all Female Ailments. Of all Medicine Vendors, or post free from the BILE BEAN COMPANY, Red Cross Street, London, E.C., on receipt of price, 1s. 1½d.; or large family size, 2s. od. per box (2s. od. size contains three times 1s. 1½d.). Bile Beans are sold in sealed packages only.

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Snow; and 80, in trust, for his daughter Ada Mary. Subject to bequests of other shares in the brewery to his children, and £250 each to his executors, he leaves the residue of his estate and effects to his wife.

The will of MR. WILLIAM SKILBECK, of Halton, Surbiton Hill, and late of Kensington Gardens Square, who died on April 21, was proved on May 20 by William Wray Skilbeck, the son, William Donaldson Rawlins, K.C., and Charles Hoghton Clayton, the value of the property amounting to £44,513. The testator gives £200 to his daughter, Jessie Isabella; £50 each to his executors; and the residue of his property to his children, William Wray, Alice Elizabeth, Jessie Isabella, Helen Emma, and Edith Anne.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1899) of MR. THOMAS RICHARDSON KEMP, K.C., of 5, Queen's Gate Terrace, and the Middle Temple, who died on April 30, was proved by Mrs. Emily Jane Catharine Elizabeth Colmer Kemp, the widow, and Reginald Kemp, the son, the value of the estate being £43,132. The testator leaves all his property, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life, and then to his two children, Reginald and Caroline Emily.

The will (dated July 28, 1899), with two codicils, of MR. EDWARD CAVENDISH TAYLOR, of 74, Jermyn

Street, St. James's, who died on April 10, has been proved by Charles George Carroll Cavendish Taylor, the nephew, the value of the property being sworn at £30,282. He bequeaths £4000 to his niece Ethel Julia Cavendish; £3500 to his niece Edith Selina Legh; £2000 to his niece Elfrida Geraldine Cavendish; £4375 to his niece Anita Louisa Cole; £2875 to his niece Helen Beatrice Cavendish Taylor; £3875 to the Hon. Mary Julia Petre; £4375 to his nephew Charles George Carroll Cavendish Taylor; and his collection of bird and mammal skins and eggs to the British Museum. The residue of his property he leaves to his niece Ethel Julia Cavendish.

The Great Eastern Company announce cheap excursion bookings on Friday, June 9, from Liverpool Street and Great Eastern suburban stations to Lincolnshire, Lancashire, north-eastern stations, and Scotland; on Saturday, June 10, to Doncaster, Hull, Sheffield, Edinstone (for the Dukeries), Chesterfield, Manchester, York, Scarborough, Leeds, Bradford, Wakefield, Durham, Newcastle, etc.; also to the principal towns in the counties of Cambridge, Suffolk, Norfolk, etc. Additional and relieving trains will be run from Liverpool Street

on June 9 and 10 to Colchester, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-Naze, Ipswich, Norwich, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Cambridge, Lynn, etc.

The North London Railway Company announce that they will run special trains, giving facilities to holiday-makers for visiting the Zoological Gardens, Hampstead Heath, Kew, Richmond, Bushy Park and Hampton Court, the Crystal Palace, Epping Forest, Windsor, Staines, and many other popular resorts. For information as to trains and fares inquire at the booking offices.

The Great Western Railway have made complete arrangements for the rapid and comfortable conveyance of the thousands of holiday-makers using their line at Whitsuntide. Many of the principal expresses will be run in two parts, and several additional long-distance non-stop expresses will be run during the week preceding Whitsun.

The Great Northern Railway's programme contains much valuable information respecting the arrangements made for Whitsuntide travellers. The fact that holiday travel is made a specialty of by the Great Northern Railway is proved by the excellent facilities offered for short or long journeys.

THE BEST SUMMER DRINK,
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PLASMON
COCOA
Is Non-Heating.

ONE CUP contains more nourishment
than 10 cups of any ordinary
Cocoa, and is absolutely
free from Chemicals.

In tins, 5d., 9d., 1/4, and 2/6.

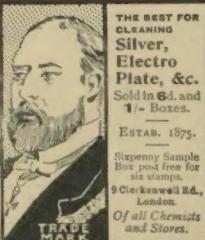
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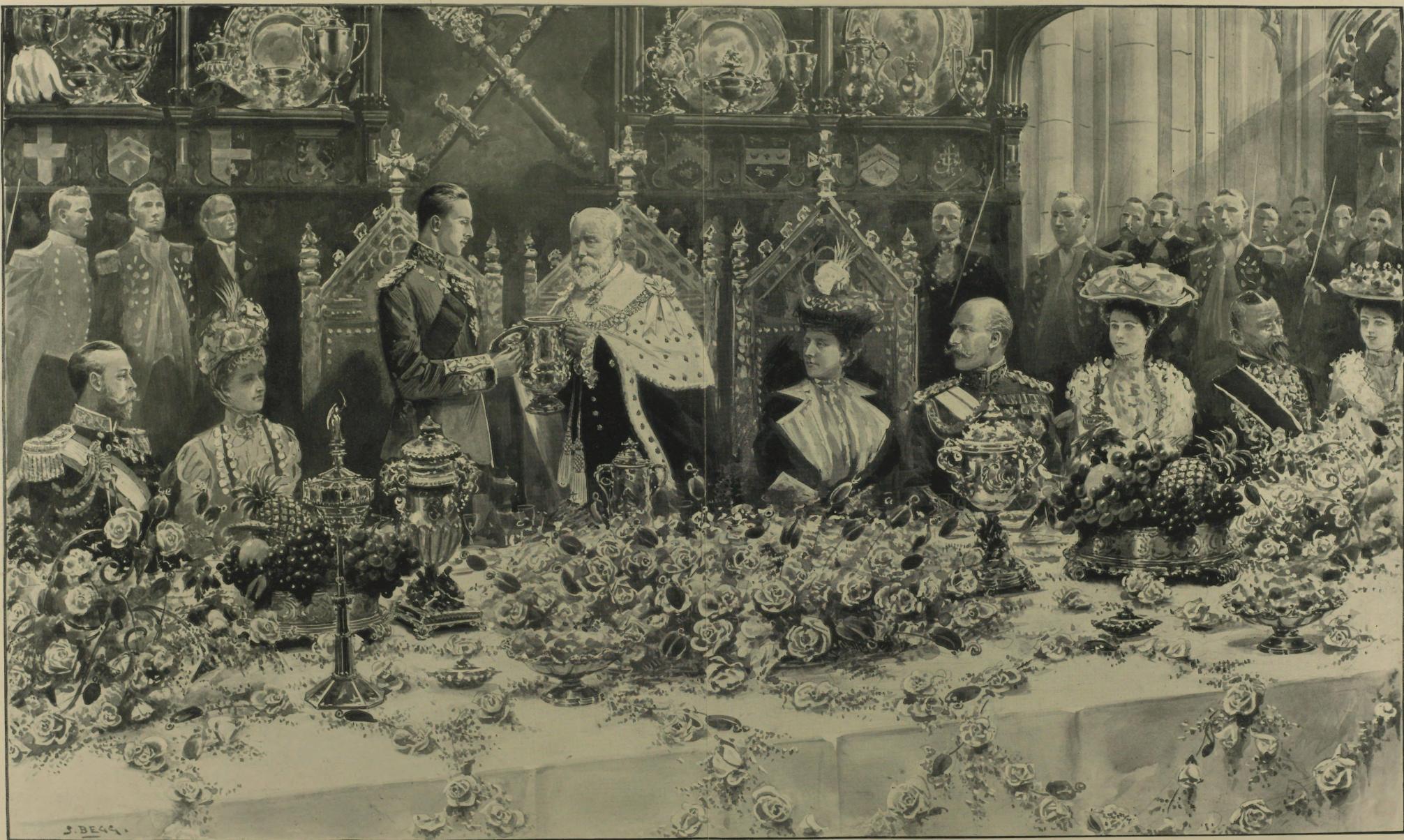
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DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The most interesting moment at the banquet came when the Lord Mayor and the young King pledged each other in the loving-cup, the passing of which from hand to hand among the guests is the most picturesque of all the traditional civic ceremonies. The large representation of the Connaught family at the banquet may not be without special significance in the history of King Alfonso's country and our own. Señor de Villaurrutia, the Spanish Foreign Minister, accompanied his Majesty.